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NEWSPAPER

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A detective once said it was all wrong to suppose that the professional housebreaker works with coolness and calculation. On the contrary, he usually works in terror and haste, takes too much swag from one room and too little from another, and sometimes overlooks the silver in carrying off the electro. This week's debates and the speeches at the City meeting make it clear that the Government is working in the hasty, scared way of the housebreaker. The Government had actually settled on what plunder they should carry away, without settling who should be their receivers! This came out in Tuesday's debate. Who is to receive the unearned increment from the land? Some think the imperial authority should get the lot, others that the locality should get the lot, whilst the Government seemed, with honest Mr. Harwood, to wobble somewhere between the two. And yet a foolish saying has it that there is honour among thieves.

Further proof of the guilty haste of the Government is offered by their edict as to the valuing of the increment. Sir Frederick Banbury on Monday moved that the duty should not be leviable till 31 December 1911. Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Carson supported this proposal. But the Government insist that the valuation shall be made within thirty days of the passing of their Bill. They feel they have not a moment to spare. Now or never. Why, the General Election may befall long ere Sir Frederick Banbury's date. December 31, 1911, is to them a sort of Greek Kalends. It does not matter that this valuing must be an extremely hard and complex task if done honestly. It is not to the point that the Griffith valuation in Ireland, not a whit more complex, had, as Sir Edward Carson showed, taken several years to work out.

Mr. Lloyd George, by way of deadly retort, tells his friends that the Tories completed a valuation for their precious Agricultural Rating Act quick enough when they wanted it. Loud cheers from all good Liberals! As a fact, of course, no separate valuation for that Act was completed. The thing was found utterly impossible, and the difficulty had to be met in a way out of the question for this Budget Bill. So much for a Chancellor of the Exchequer's telling retort! Yet we are not altogether sorry that the Government stick to their thirty days. The result well may be a hideous muddle, and probably a breakdown of their machinery should the Bill pass.

The War Minister taking the floor after midnight and devilled bones at two in the morning looks like a return to the bad old system. The old idea was to pass the Bills by wearing down physically the Opposition. This was reformed lately, but now the Government seems resolved to rattle back into barbarism. The scene in the House of Commons on Thursday morning was disgraceful from a business standpoint. Forcing the House to sit up all one night and several hours of the next morning is just as bad business, just as inefficient in the long run, as guillotining huge batches of amendments ere they can be moved. Why do the Government insist on these utterly worthless all-night sittings? Why not instead, whilst they are about it, each day guillotine the amendments on, say, three to six clauses of their huge party and penalising Bill? This would restore the pink to the Chancellor's "pale" face and spare Mr. Haldane's whole energies for his own office.

As it is, a Government—pledged more or less to an eight hours' day!—keeps its own servants, as well as the excellent servants of the House, up all night and day; and at the end of this inglorious show has only managed to pass about an undigested half of a single clause out of seventy-four clauses. Fancy if business concerns were run on such feeble forcible lines as these! Fancy the balance-sheet at the end of the year, the rage of the ruined shareholders, the kicking-out of the whole board of bungling directors that would be sure to occur! And

yet we have often been told that the coming into power of this Government meant that public affairs would be put on a business footing. There was promise of "hard-thinking"—a good phrase for debates at three in the morning!—and of "sound common-sense". Well, if this is business, give us Lord Rosebery's ideal administration, a sort of blend of Tottenham Court Road and Kitchener of Khartum.

It is rather rough if a Cabinet Minister hits you over the head and then, when you appeal to the Chair, you are told it was quite a compliment. This actually happened on Wednesday's Budget debate. Lord Winterton was for enriching the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech with some interjections: the Chancellor objected to the process and spoke of the "massive intelligence" of the interjector. The Chair approved the Chancellor's language, whereupon the Chancellor to show his respect, we suppose, for the Chair— withdrew both adjective and substantive. We should say that the Chancellor in this affair came in at the back door but went out at the front. But too much is made of these absurd little boilings-up. We must all try to keep our hair on whilst we pound our hardest.

The meeting in the City to protest against the Budget was impressive rather by reason of the people who were there than by the speeches. It is almost impossible now to say anything new or original about the Budget, and though the speeches read well enough in the "Times", Lord Rothschild was inaudible and Sir Felix Schuster nearly broke down. The best performance, rhetorically considered, was that of Lord Goschen, whose manner and delivery were good. The best thing Sir Felix Schuster said was that the Budget had produced "a bad spirit", a desire, namely, to evade the new taxes by every means in the rich man's power. That is a very dangerous opponent for any Chancellor of the Exchequer, to contend with. The important thing was that well-known Liberals like Mr. Laurence Currie and Mr. W. C. Slaughter were on the platform. We noticed also that Lord Glantawe, ennobled by the hand of the late Liberal Premier, was there, and Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles. Is the last-named a sinner that repented?

We need not trouble to make much of the City protest against the Budget being "non-political". Why should the Conservative party fear for a moment to claim that the City is in this matter strongly, absolutely on their side? The great weight and import of this protest are quite well understood by the Government: the Chancellor of the Exchequer hastened to admit this by his bitter raillery against Lord Rothschild: the Prime Minister admitted it, we think, in another way by his grave and reasoned speech at the Holborn meeting. This is the first English Budget which has declared war not only on capital but on its vital principles. The Government may have a big enough army in Parliament for their daring venture, but they have no general with fire and genius for their war. They want the glamour of a great name.

Sir Edward Grey, as the sound man of the Cabinet, was brought out by the political committee of the National Liberal Club on Wednesday. The Liberal wire-pullers very naturally felt that something in the way of ballast to Mr. Lloyd George was wanted. Serious and solemn persons abound on the Liberal side, and these were getting scandalised by Mr. Lloyd George's levities. The dignity of national finance demanded something more than squibs and arrows. So Sir Edward Grey comes forward and assures respectable Liberals that the Budget is the most ordinary thing in the world. Revolutionary? Why, it is not even new. It is merely technical. Delightful. If a ground owner is taxed on his mineral property to an amount far more than he gets from it—oh, it's a mere technicality. If a man cannot live on his estate, owing to the crushing charge of death duty, it is nothing: a mere technicality. The long word may reassure Liberal tradesmen; but it is an easy way of disposing of the Budget.

Sir Edward Grey should be above false suggestion. He usually is; but his covert allusion to the case of the Cecils is a very false suggestion. "Whenever", he said, "there was a man on the Conservative side who was not merely a clever debater but a man of real intellectual distinction, he had exceptional difficulty in finding a constituency in the Conservative party." This is untrue as a statement of fact, and is false as a suggestion that Lord Hugh and Lord Robert Cecil are having difficulty as to a constituency because they are exceptionally intellectual men. Sir Edward Grey knows well that their difficulty has nothing whatever to do with their intellectual distinction, but arises out of their Free Trade opinions and out of nothing else.

How will Mr. Lloyd George value unworked minerals in the shape of radium? We ask because an enormous contract for a quarter of an ounce has been entered into by Viscount Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel, the price being at the rate of £114,000 an ounce. At present it lies perdu in masses of pitchblende at the Grampound Road mine in Cornwall. It is to be extracted by a German firm and a German chemist, with several hundred workmen. This is the largest amount of radium ever bought, and it is to be presented by Lord Iveagh and Sir Ernest Cassel to the Radium Institute, which will employ it in treating cancer. Radium sets a novel problem in unearned increment.

Sir Alfred Jacoby was popular on both sides of the House of Commons, and the disappearance of his well-known figure from the chamber and the lobbies will really be felt. His career was an instance of how a man may make a good position for himself without any particular abilities, without great wealth, and in spite of certain disadvantages, by mere force of character. The Tories said that Jacoby was not a bad fellow; the Liberals said that he was a good fellow; and the praise of Englishmen can no farther go. The truth is that the House of Commons has a way of loving those who love it, and Sir Alfred Jacoby genuinely loved the House of Commons and everything about it. There he moved and lived and had his being, and he was an ideal chairman of the Kitchen Committee, whom the late Lord Dunsany wittily called "the gods of Greece". Sir Alfred was a great gossip, not that he ever said anything ill-natured of anybody; but he loved to collect and discuss personal details about his brother members. He was a very shrewd judge of men and measures.

The conflict between the Government and their cow-hunting allies from Ireland grows more deep and bitter than the public know—all about the Bottles. "The boys" could stretch a point regarding "the Faith", and even threaten to stop "going to Rome for their politics"; but they dare not compromise on their special blend of patriotism and Punch, especially after the Cardinal has come out in support of it. Several times during the week "the boys" have tried to hit the Government vitally, and they are very closely whipped for further opportunities. On the other hand the Government, at least among themselves and their closer friends, express their utter contempt for the Irish party, not merely as allies but also as tacticians. The outlook is bitter for "the boys", unable to do more than snarl at Westminster, and afraid of the bishops to resume the cow-hunting at home, which is now denounced by most of the hierarchy as immoral. For the present Mr. Birrell has got quite cleverly between the bishops and "the boys", and now it remains to invent some other kind of popular crime to keep "the Cause" going.

The Kaiser seems for once to have made a speech which has pleased everybody; partly, it appears, because everybody takes it to be meant for everybody else. Thus the only suggestion of sting—not to say of flavour—in a speech strangely null for the speaker is resented nowhere. The Kaiser trusted that the spirit of unanimity would prevail over the spirit of party and prevent the collapse of the Government's financial reforms. This the Right takes to be intended for the Left, and the Left

for the Right. Everyone is satisfied of the righteousness of the Kaiser's rebuke to his opponents. The allusion to the meeting with the Tsar was correctness itself. On the whole, a very wise speech no doubt; and therefore not interesting. The Kaiser has disappointed us. One counts on good things in his speeches.

In spite of the Kaiser's confidence that good Germans would not shipwreck the finance scheme, the Reichstag has rejected the Government's inheritance tax. The Agrarian Conservatives have left Prince Bülow's bloc and joined the Centre to defeat the Bill. Prince Bülow has had the unpleasant experience of the Socialists backing up his Bill and, worse still, not bringing him victory but defeat. The two questions that are being debated in Germany now are whether Prince Bülow will resign or whether there will be a dissolution, and the situation is certainly hard to understand.

The Dutch have had their general election, and the general result is a Conservative success, for a balance of all the groups works out as sixty for the Right and forty for the Left. This is satisfactory. Continental socialism is mainly destructive, and a strong clerical party is the strongest force to oppose to it. To a foreigner there is something fearsome in the names and variety of the Dutch political groups. The Left is made up of Free-Liberals, Liberal-Unionists, Liberal-Democrats and Social-Democrats; the Right of Anti-Révolutionnaires, Christelijk-Historisch, and Clericals (Roman Catholics). Swinburne's phrase "fissiparous democracy" springs to one's lips; but the multitude of groups does not mean, we believe, quite so much as appears.

M. Clemenceau and his Government will make themselves impossible before long. Their febleness in the postal strike is again evident in the troubles about the stable boys and the trainers. So little is the Government trusted to keep order that there are fears of similar riots at Longchamp to-morrow. A deputation of prominent sportsmen has prayed M. Clemenceau not to allow M. Pataud and his gangs to get the upper hand again. The people in Paris who depend on the fashionable world suffered greatly from the operations of M. Pataud at Auteuil. They lost £8,000 that would have come to them from the pari-mutuel. If this happened again at Longchamp, it would be of ill omen for the Government. The mob would be demanding M. Clemenceau's and M. Pataud's heads.

When the law against the French congregations was passed it was said that its only object was to arrest the pernicious influence of clerical teaching, which they maintained was directed against the Republic; and it was comprehensive so as to prevent evasion. Two recent incidents show the honesty of this. At Roubaix five nuns belonging to the Order of La Sagesse, whose school had been closed by the authorities, carried on a cookery class where girls were taught the elements of cooking and other domesticities. They have been prosecuted for this offence. The law was peremptory and had to be enforced, but the court imposed the minimum penalty of sixteen francs fine, which it does not enforce this time as it was perfectly clear the nuns acted in good faith; but the school has been closed.

At Cambrai two doctors opened a surgery and a dispensary. The doctors wanted help, and secured it from five Augustinian nuns who, as they could not spend the night in the open air, were allowed to sleep in the same building. The nuns have now been prosecuted for breaking the law, solely and simply because they happen to live together in the same building. It is true that judgment has not yet been given; but it is quite possible they may be found guilty, fined, or expelled the country. The doctors and patients will suffer, but the right of the Republic to determine how its citizens shall live will be vindicated. We need not say that our Paris correspondents do not notice such unpleasant things as these. It would not suit their smooth predictions of five years ago.

In a few days the report of the Parliamentary Commission on the navy will be before the French Chamber. If it is anything like the versions of it now current, there has been no exaggeration in the charges that have been made in Parliament and the press as to the corruption and general disorganisation in the navy. At any rate, the French papers will have for some time something else to discuss than the topic which has been rather a pleasing one for them lately. Before they have done with their own Navy they may be less supercilious in discussing our military weakness as their ally. If we spent the necessary money, we should at least have a Navy. But the French have in ten years spent more than the Germans, and all they have to show for it is that the French fleet, which ten years ago held the second place, is now fourth, and the German, which held the fourth, is now second.

Mulai Hafid's turn has come. Since he defeated Abd-el-Aziz he has enjoyed comparative calm, but Moorish calm is not easily distinguished from disquiet elsewhere. The Pretender is now asserting himself, and the Sultan's forces have been worsted in a pitched battle. Bu Hamara knew that Mulai Hafid had domestic differences with his Viziers, and no doubt thought the moment opportune for reviving the struggle for the throne. Mulai Hafid promptly sent for the Viziers, whom he had refused to see for some time past, and called out all the forces at his command in Fez. But they were unwilling to take the field unless arrears of pay were made good, and the Commander-in-Chief seized the occasion to retire for a long sleep. What is Abd-el-Aziz doing all this time? Possibly impatiently awaiting the falling out through which honest sultans, like lesser folk, may hope to come by their own.

How to get something practical done for Communis Patria, said Lord Milner, at the Compatriots' Club on Thursday, is the problem before imperial statesmen. The colonies are taking the lead in attempting to find a solution. If Mr. Deakin's coalition Government should survive Mr. Fisher's vote of censure, one of the items in its programme will be the creation of a new inter-State Commission to deal with fiscal matters. The commission will be especially charged to advise upon the development of preferential relations within the Empire. None of the colonies loses sight of this question of imperial commerce. The Canadians are exercised as to the future of preference. Unless some move is made from this side, considerable modifications in existing arrangements are inevitable. If preference were withdrawn English manufactures in Canada, already far behind American, would speedily afford an object lesson in its advantages. In New Zealand, too, the Minister for Agriculture wants to know why the foreigner should make at the expense of British commerce profits which he uses in payment for his armaments. New Zealand's trade is growing, but, as in Canada, with the foreigner.

If the account of the Daily Chronicle's New York correspondent of the torture of a Chinaman, who the police think is an accomplice in the "trunk murder", is true, it is further evidence that American civilisation is only of the semi kind, as we said recently. The police have put the Chinaman to further questioning, the correspondent says, under the extraordinary system of keeping the man awake until they extracted a more circumstantial tale which is accepted as correct. English people often say with pride that American law is founded on our own common law. If so, it has dismally changé en route.

M. de Martens was one of those few lawyers of any country whose names are known familiarly in other countries as well as their own. As a jurist writing for other European jurists on questions of international law he would in any case have been well known amongst his fellow-experts. M. de Martens owed his wide reputation to the first Peace Congress at The Hague which had assembled at the invitation of his own sovereign,

the Tsar. He was the presiding genius of that Congress, and it was through him that the Tsar explained the slightly suspect ideas which influenced him in taking the novel step. When the second Peace Congress was to be assembled M. de Martens' preliminary mission to the European Courts again fixed attention on him. It was thanks to him that the discussion of the limitation of armaments was arranged in such a form as not to do more harm than good. But M. de Martens' best days were over, and though his death has come unexpectedly he had already finished his work.

It is rather curious that the Cambridge celebrations of the centenary of Darwin's birth might stand as the semi-centenary of the publication of the "Origin of Species". The birth of the man was in February 1809; the birth of the idea, its appearance in the world, was in November 1859. Whichever event had been chosen for celebration it would have been an occasion, as the birth centenary has been, for paying homage to the greatest idea, if not the greatest personality, of the nineteenth century. What changes an idea can work! The stuffed monkey dangled by undergraduates in sport over Darwin's head when he received his D.C.L. would have been taken for an argument derisively serious a few years before.

Since then we have all been shaped by Darwinism, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, the eighteenth-century men, and ourselves too, were moulded into a new intellectual life by Newton. Two Englishmen, both Cambridge men, are conceded a world-homage which is given to no other but one, and he, too, an Englishman—Shakespeare. Everything now that is not Newton is Darwin. As Mr. Balfour spoke of our ideas of politics and sociology being changed by Darwinism, so Professor Metchnikoff showed that disease was now studied in the light of organic evolution, and that probably cancer itself would be shown to be a special illustration of it. The brilliant assembly at Cambridge is a striking testimony to the hold Darwinism, after all modifications, has on the thought of the world.

The Encaenia at Oxford this year were distinguished for one good thing—the number of honorary degrees conferred was very small. Of the D.C.L.s Earl Grey is well worth the distinction, and we do not at all grudge it to Mr. Wendell Holmes, the American judge, a great jurist and the son of a distinguished father. The case of Mr. Brock is different. The D.C.L. should be given for good work, not for success. Mr. Brock can point to many public statues and much reward. For his business capacity let him have full credit, but not a D.C.L. That should go to the great artist whom the world does not yet know and of whom the world is not worthy. Alfred Stevens got no D.C.L. If he had, we should think well now of the judgment of Oxford of that day. Mr. Brock has got his D.C.L. Fifty years hence what will be thought of the judgment of Oxford to-day? What will men think when they read in the "Oxford Magazine" "There is a general consensus of opinion amongst those best qualified to judge that no finer piece of work (than Mr. Brock's statue of Gainsborough) has ever been conceived or executed in this country"? Dr. Brock, of the Victoria memorial, can smile at Stevens' Wellington monument after this.

Was there ever a time when the publisher and the bookseller did well? We hear much in familiar century-old strain of the public failure to buy books. Yet, somehow, the poor producer and seller manage to live, and occasionally to entertain on a scale that might put a more flourishing business to the blush. The dinner given by the London branch of the Associated Booksellers to their provincial colleagues, to which publishers and writers were freely invited, suggested that the London bookseller must be doing rather better than he imagines. If there had been no writers present, one might have had a clue to the secret. However, the writers are allowed to share what prosperity there is, and all do not now live in Grub Street whilst, as Mr. Justice Darling said, the publisher has his offices in Albemarle Street.

LORD ROSEBERY TO THE RESCUE.

LORD ROSEBERY has come to occupy a position in the estimation of his countrymen which is unique. He has been Prime Minister; for a brief period, it is true, but the circumstances of his fall from power rather increased than diminished the confidence which he inspired. He is a nobleman of wealth and assured position who (to use a slang phrase) has no axe of his own to grind. Thus it happens that when he merely repeats what others have said, or insists upon the obvious, his words produce a greater impression than the writings or speeches of others. Lord Rosebery has informed the world, with the air of making a startling discovery, that the Budget is in effect a social and political revolution, which is being forced through the Legislature by means of an invincible majority, but which has never been sanctioned by the nation. As an "unnoticed point" Lord Rosebery calls the attention of the public to the fact that the authority snatched from the turmoil and confusion of a general election is being used in an arbitrary and oppressive manner: and he asks how this abuse of the power of the Cabinet differs from the despotism of the historical tyrant? Hundreds of smaller men have been saying and writing these exact things for the last six months; but they were as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. We ourselves in this REVIEW have again and again pointed out that, with a closed House of Commons and a threatened House of Lords, the liberty of the nation is seriously imperilled, and that the personal power of the Prime Minister and his colleagues is a real menace. Now Lord Rosebery says it, and all men listen, some with alarm, some with anger, but all with attention. Lord Rosebery is perfectly in the right, though his claim to originality is only explicable on the assumption that, like other great statesmen, he does not read the newspapers. But, original or not, we welcome Lord Rosebery's diagnosis of the situation.

Mr. Asquith's "weapon of finance" is not proving quite so hefty as he and his Chancellor of the Exchequer imagined. When the Licensing Bill of last year was rejected by the House of Lords, the Prime Minister announced, with more arrogance than prudence, that finance was a weapon which might be used to solve constitutional difficulties. This was rather "giving away the show", for the incorporation of a Licensing Bill and a Valuation Bill in the Budget is being more and more recognised as a flagrant breach of the Constitution. The Budget, or the Finance Bill, is a measure to make financial provision for the year that is passing over us. But the valuation of land upon new-fangled and socialistic principles is a piece of permanent legislation. The Licensing Bill of 1908 may have been a good or a bad measure: but it was rejected by one branch of the Legislature, and to stuff it into the Finance Bill of the following year in the belief that the House of Lords cannot amend, and dare not reject it, is being universally branded by public opinion, as not only a dirty but a dangerous trick of no ordinary dimensions. As these conclusions are slowly trickling through the press into the national mind, indignation grows apace, and the opposition to the Budget out of doors will soon be formidable. We know that there are some members of the Unionist party in both branches of the Legislature who think that the Budget, after every attempt has been made to amend it, should be allowed to pass, in order that the country may stew for a year in its Georgian juice. We cannot take that view, and we hope that the House of Lords will not take it. It cannot be right that a bad and unjust measure should become law merely as an object-lesson in socialism. The purpose of the Finance Bill is not educational, but fiscal. One of the worst of evils is unjust taxation, and the House of Lords ought not to pass the Finance Bill in order to teach the electors what rascals the Radicals are. The pleasure of being able to say to people who bring trouble on themselves, "Vous l'avez voulu, Georges Dandin, vous l'avez voulu", is great, to be sure; but it is a literary enjoyment: it is not business. If the Lords honestly believe the Finance Bill to be an unjust, and therefore bad,

measure it is their constitutional duty to refuse to pass it. If on the rejection of their Budget the Government still decline to appeal to the country (as is quite possible), the Lords will have done their duty. It is conceivable that the Government might take a large vote on account, and send the Finance Bill up to the Lords a second time in a modified or unmodified form. Whether this course be adopted will depend, we should think, on the reception given by the country to the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Bill. From the hints dropped by Mr. Balfour on Monday and from the mild serenity of his demeanour we rather gather that he has made up his mind to advise Lord Lansdowne to reject the Bill. Mr. Balfour is never so dangerous to his opponents as when he coos gently. Not that Mr. Balfour under-estimates the tremendous issues at stake: but, like most great men, his courage rises with the occasion. He was never so calm and even gay as when he was fighting the Irish Nationalists with his back to the wall in the Parliament of 1886. Like a daring pilot, Mr. Balfour is " pleased with the danger when the waves run high ". Will he communicate his courage to the House of Lords? Of course a great deal depends upon the form in which the Bill emerges from the Committee of the House of Commons. But it is already plain, from the course of this week's debate, that Mr. Lloyd George intends to make no concessions of principle on the taxation of land. One concession indeed he has already made to some of his own party, which deprives the land taxes of the little financial justification which they might have been thought to possess. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has promised to divide the anticipated yield of the land taxes between the local authorities and the Imperial Exchequer. As the estimated produce of the land taxes is £500,000, the Exchequer may receive some £250,000 from these sources! Was ever anything so unbusinesslike, so ridiculous? The framework of the British Constitution is to be strained to cracking-point in order to produce a revenue of about a quarter of a million! This is fanaticism: it is certainly not finance. The discussion on unearned increment in the Committee revealed the depths of absurdity into which the Chancellor of the Exchequer is heaving his lead. It was in truth an ethical and metaphysical debate, which would have been an admirable subject for the Historical Society, for the Union, for a collection of political economists, but was wholly unsuited to the practical atmosphere of the House of Commons. Increment and decrement are qualities inseparable from all kinds of property, real and personal, corporeal and incorporeal. " Earned " and " unearned " are terms of ethics or morals, not of financial science. The plain common-sense rule of taxation has hitherto been to tax a man on what income he has got, not on what he may get or on what somebody says is the capitalised value of an imaginary income. Any departure from the simple rules of arithmetic and fact is bound to land the finances of the country in a hopeless muddle.

THE TARIFF REFORM ALTERNATIVE.

SIR EDWARD GREY'S speech at the National Liberal Club on Wednesday night was in several respects a challenge to tariff reformers. For instance, in this passage: " When duties were put on manufactured goods, the number of industries which would at once rise up and point out that the manufactured articles which it was proposed to tax were the raw materials of their particular industries " &c. He always gives an impression of sincerity, which induces the assumption that criticism may not be lost on him, and that if he saw better he might admit it, at least to himself. He is one of the very ablest among the Free Traders, but so tangled is the brief that his advocacy runs into essential self-contradictions like this: " Surely it was a good general principle of taxation that we should raise our taxes first of all from superfluities or luxuries rather than from necessities ". Then, according to Sir Edward, land is not a necessary! We invite him to consider whether the whole deficit could not be met by a tax on imported

manufactures, even without touching food. In 1908, apart from re-exports, we imported 120 millions worth of manufactures, which at ten per cent. would yield twelve of the fifteen millions required; and a small increase fairly distributed on luxuries would make up the balance, besides producing the price of a Dreadnought or two.

What would be the effect on home production and employment of a ten per cent. duty on competing imports? The full answer would require every man to speak for his own trade, but in general one trade may be judged by another, and there are textile branches in which three per cent. sometimes makes the difference between going on and shutting down. First we must recognise that it does not follow that the cost of production and the price to the consumer must increase by the amount of the import duty. That may be so with a product not producible at home, such as champagne and ivory, but not with a home product competing against an import.

Since every consistent Free Trader is bound to deny the proposition just submitted, let us examine the truth of it. First, take the cost of labour in production. All will admit that a difference of ten per cent. would at once open factories that are closed and start new ones; but the labour cost could hardly rise appreciably until the problem of unemployment in that particular industry had been removed. So long as there are more workers than jobs, wages do not rise; therefore until the last unemployed man finds his " sit " at current terms it is not reasonable to expect a rise in wages, and in the meantime the employer is concerned with no increase in cost of production under this head. Besides, the larger the proportion of wages in the production of a given article, the more this will apply, even in regard to the finished products of one industry which become the raw materials of another. So long as there are tanners who cannot find employment the wage bill will not raise the price of leather, and so there is no need for it to raise the price of boots; and so long as there is an unemployed problem among shoemakers it is unreasonable and contrary to normal experience to expect an increase in the cost of production through wages. As every employer knows, the established tendency is to take the man from the street at the current wages before offering higher wages to attract workers from one employer to another. It is only when this sets in that wages can cause an increase in the cost of production. In the meantime, let it be observed carefully, employment and production are increased at current wages, and at current prices in so far as wages are concerned. With the increased reward for their capital and enterprise employers are competing among themselves to remove unemployment, and also to keep selling prices at the lowest possible point within the increased margin of ten per cent. that has given a fresh start to their activities. Thus in addition to the wage factor we have the natural acquisitiveness of the employers themselves automatically operating to keep sale prices well within the ten per cent.

So far our manufacturer would be quite as capable as he is now of exporting at a profit, if he cared to do so, his cost of production not having risen; but now we find additional causes operating in the same direction. More free from uncertainty, producing on a larger scale, and with the " law of increasing return " more in his favour, he could place job lots in the foreign market, instead of having them placed in his own to stop his plant and to throw his workers idle. In short, he has an additional margin to turn round in, with an extended elasticity to meet shocks, instead of being tied by " the skin of his teeth "; and, most important of all, if the home community as a whole must pay an increase of a small fraction for his products, the community as a whole is the richer by his increased production, not to mention the gain in ceasing to support the unemployed, who are now supporting themselves. Cheap imports which check home production are all very well for the rich Free Trader who gets his higher dividends from employing labour abroad, where they will accept his capital and refuse his theories; but to the nation, and particularly to the man who must live by earning wages,

the gain of a fraction on an article by importing it can never equal the gain of producing the whole article at home.

Then, it does not follow that the wage cost in production must rise even when work has been found for those now unemployed. Do not lose sight of the fact that labour itself is reproductive in some proportion to its support. A man uncertain of his work and certain of no increase in his wages thinks about getting married, and decides not; but remove his uncertainty, even without increasing his wages, and presently he raises more workers, who may be ready by the time the competing employers have exhausted the unemployed.

All through this, we have to defend another implicit proposition which the Free Trader is bound to deny—especially if he refuse to think, which is probable: “If we have so improved the producer and the worker together by our ten per cent. margin, must not this be by excluding imports; and if we exclude the imports, how can we get the £12,000,000 revenue which we calculated on them?” That is generally how the poser is put; and if the science of economics were as exact as that of mathematics or chemistry, we must confess that we have no answer. As it is, we have answer enough in the fact that the thing is actually happening elsewhere, since we have merely analysed the industrial process by which other countries are getting ahead of us; but we shall not be content with that answer, conclusive as it is. Regions have their economic peculiarities, and let us see how the actual thing happening elsewhere may happen here also. First of all, note that if economic science were exact, it could not happen anywhere, though it has happened almost everywhere. Then, there is no need to begin with the whole ten per cent. at once: begin with a fraction of it that will not exclude imports, and rise from this towards the point at which imports would begin to be seriously hindered. Long before this point we must obviously reach a stage at which our own production is stimulated and the solution for unemployment begun. What if our increased production should be at first wholly or mainly for export? This might easily happen, and it could only further increase imports, giving us more than the £12,000,000 and not less. Any start upward would be in the direction of least resistance, and our exports have always been accepted as the index to our greatest efficiency. Within our new margin of ten per cent., as without it, all directions would not be equally profitable; we should expand in the most profitable directions, thereby increasing our power to buy and import additional values in the commodities which we found less profitable to produce, and which the foreigner might find more profitable. If we did displace the foreigner from our markets in some things, it could only be by increasing our power and our need to purchase from him in other things. We might find ourselves even increasing our production in one class and our imports in another class of the same commodity. The power to import depends on the power to export, and this depends on the power to produce, now checked, even in the products for which we are most suited, by exposing ourselves to the effects of industrial accident throughout the world. In short, there is quite a wide choice of economic alternatives to the rigid notion that import duties cannot at the same time produce revenue and help home production. It is what happens in most other countries, and there is nothing peculiar to our industrial circumstances that could prevent it happening in the United Kingdom.

THE OMEN OF AUTEUIL.

HOW many of the English visitors to Paris who attended the Auteuil Steeplechase Meeting on Sunday last expected to witness another demonstration in the weakness, in truth, the imminent break-up, of the Republican dispensation? And yet they were forewarned, for Citizen Pataud dropped many hints at the time of the postmen's strike that something of the kind was impending: “There can be no good in a strike of electricians, for the Government has taken every precaution to meet it. . . . I have a great surprise

in store for the Parisians. . . . I would like to see a jockeys' strike on the eve of the Grand Prix. . . .” These words were hardly taken seriously at the time, and were treated as one of the Citizen's many jokes. It was then little thought that not only would this apostle of disorder succeed in inducing the stable lads at Maisons Laffitte to go out on strike, but that he would have as a fellow-worker M. Maurice Berteaux, the millionaire stockbroker, Vice-President of the Chamber of Deputies, deputy for Versailles, and former Minister of War, who not only attended a meeting of the stable hands but, after promising to support the men's demands, presented their newly formed syndicate with a red banner under which they marched into battle on the following day. As the horses were being taken in vans from their stables to the racecourse some fifteen stable hands, assisted by a score of navvies, sprang out of ambush, stopped the vans, and by pointing their loaded revolvers cowed the drivers into returning home. The crowd at the racecourse, ignorant of what was happening, got out of hand and exchanged blows with the police. Repeated attempts were made to set the grass on fire, and one hedge was burnt down, the riders in the military steeplechase were pelted with stones and hurdle-bars, and some of them were seriously injured. The President of the Republic, whose duty it obviously was, as Chief of the State, to be present, not only in conformity with both promise and precedent but as the supreme upholder of law and order, thought discretion was the better part of valour and preferred to stay at home.

This is but one of a series of attacks made upon the Government of France by the General Confederation of Labour. This body was founded in 1895 at the Socialist Congress of Limoges by the members of the French trades unions who despised the so-called scientific but doctrinaire collectivism of Karl Marx and of his principal disciple in France, M. Jules Guesde, the deputy for Roubaix and perhaps the only conscientious member of the party. They found fault with him for his dilatory tactics and for adjourning the social regeneration of France to the dim and distant future. They wished to see steady and frequent assaults made upon society as it now is, and advocated a policy of endless reprisals. They have succeeded beyond their wildest hopes. True, they cannot boast of a rich exchequer or of a large membership. Their income is not much beyond £2000 a year, and their leaders only represent a minority in a minority of a minority. There are some six million workmen in France, of whom 836,000 belong to some five thousand trades unions, of whom 2399, with a membership of 204,000 only, are affiliated to the General Confederation of Labour, who thus cannot boast of having enrolled four per cent. of the working men of France; but even then their executive does not speak on behalf of their members. They do not vote collectively but by unions or syndicates, no matter what their membership may be. Their government is therefore the most autocratic in existence, for they can retain power through the artificial creation of “syndicates” whose members are few but whose votes are steadily given to the executive. And yet such is the weakness of M. Clemenceau and of his Government that this handful of men, who despise the very idea of majority rule, have flouted to his very face the strongest Minister that Republican France can produce. The men have been inspired to set their masters' houses on fire at Fressonville, Méru, and elsewhere, the public servants of the State have been induced to disorganise the whole correspondence, trade and commerce of France, to drive millions of pounds out of the country, and even to destroy the instruments and wires confided to their care; in short, to set up a general state of insecurity and instability throughout the whole country. We do not deny the right of stable boys, as of all workers, to combine for the removal of grievances which are very possibly just; but violence forfeits this right, and nothing could be more contemptible than the weakness of a Government which has allowed this illegal organisation not only to spread its tentacles throughout France but to terrorise the Executive into inaction and the President of the State into an exhibition of abject cowardice.

The fact is, and there is no gainsaying it, France is in a condition of hopeless instability. A majority which proceeds from Ministerial pressure and intimidation cannot be strong, nor can an Executive whose decrees can only be enforced by discontented subordinates effectively hold its own. Napoleon III. was often blamed for enforcing his will upon the electors through the intervention of his préfets and sous-préfets, and it was often said in his day that once his organisation succumbed to the stress of circumstances the collapse would be thorough and complete. Every one of these forecasts was fulfilled at the end of eighteen years. The Republic has lasted longer, but then its system has not only been more tyrannical but more complete. It is all very well to argue that public servants must be in harmony with the Government who pays them; but their salaries certainly do not come out of the private pockets either of the Ministers or even of the members of Parliament, but from the public purse, whose contributors are the taxpayers without distinction of class or of creed. And yet as matters now stand Government officials are in a position of abject slavery. They are deprived of all liberty to practise their religious or moral duties, to choose the friends with whom they consort, the schools where their children are educated, or even to vote as they please at the poll. Their most private conversations and actions are reported and duly noted. Nothing can be more repulsive to a man of energy or independence, precisely the man a Government ought to endeavour to conciliate. Dissatisfaction is consequently rampant throughout the Army and the public service. They know the class of men who are now députés, préfets and délégués, men whose qualifications make them the objects of the contempt of the more independent of their fellow-citizens. A certain amount of submission may be secured by these methods, but the day of reckoning is at hand. The Government official knows that his career is at the mercy of the Government jackal, of the local potentate who has based his influence on the patience and toleration of his victims. He knows that he may be removed from a spot where all his interests and affections are centred to another hundreds of miles away from his home and family traditions. He knows that his promotion may be arrested or that he may be dismissed the service because it has been whispered that he has consorted with the enemies of the Republic, that he has sent his children to a religious school, or even been seen at a place of worship on Sunday. The French are a long-suffering and patient people, but this tyranny is not only lowering the character of its public service, of its Army and of its Navy, but is a constant irritant which must break out before long. The anarchy at Auteuil is but a symptom of the general disease.

FIFTY YEARS OF DARWINISM.

WE are all agreed that Darwin's birth and the publication of the "Origin of Species" were landmarks in the history of thought, and, however it may be alleged skilfully or truthfully that Darwinism was latent in the science of last century—a discovery and not an invention of Darwin—the historical association between Darwin and Darwinism is indisputable. Let us grant that Darwin took evolution from the ancients, from Lamarck, from Saint-Hilaire, from Goethe, from Robert Chambers, from Hutton and Lyell and Spencer; that he might have found natural selection in Aristotle and in an obscure (and later) writer on naval timber; that in any event Wallace did call attention to it independently. Grant all these, and it still remains that Darwin brought together the conceptions of evolution and natural selection, informed them with a vast body of new fact, and so presented them to the world that the course of all subsequent thought has been affected. To what exact extent his work was un-derivative, independent of his predecessors, a fresh spring, or a new channel for the stream of thought, is an obscure issue and irrelevant to the question of his fame. Darwin's place is secure, high among the great names, and with the publication of the "Origin of Species" there came, not only a renaissance of biological thought, but an infiltration of almost every other form

of thought by biological conceptions. The latter and more general aspect of Darwinism is receiving abundant attention; we propose here, in the slight fashion that space permits, to consider how far the advance of science has affected the main propositions laid down in the "Origin of Species".

Darwin opened his argument by consideration of plants and animals under domestication. He pointed to the efflorescence of new forms that had come into existence under the protection of man. Cultivated plants and domestic animals differ very widely from their nearest wild allies, and a multitude of varieties has been produced so different from one another and from their natural congeners that but for domestication they would be ranked as separate species. Some of these changes he supposed to have been caused by the changed conditions, the abundance of food and relative freedom from enemies, but still more by the conscious application of the breeder's art. In any event they provide a vast body of what may be called experimental evidence, showing, not how wild species have come into existence, but that species, far from being immutable, are highly malleable. Further work has greatly added to Darwin's argument and has strengthened the moderate conclusion he deduced. We are less confident, not than Darwin, but than some of the breeders he cited, as to the range of the breeder's power, but not as to its effectiveness within the limitations of the material.

Turning to species under nature, Darwin showed that varieties could not be distinguished from species except by the discovery of linking forms; that where there were many species of a genus in the same country these species usually had many varieties, the varieties tending to be grouped round central forms as the species were grouped around their genera. Species in fact were not fixed categories, but halting-places, often extremely difficult to select, for the surveying mind of the systematic naturalist. The greatly increased knowledge we now possess regarding the forms of life and their mode of distribution on the earth entirely confirms Darwin's view. Systematic naturalists cannot do their work if they are limited to the terms "genus", "species", and "variety"; they must talk of local races and sub-species and super-species, sub-genera and super-genera.

Darwin next proceeded to set forth the fact of a struggle for existence which he took to be an inevitable result of the doctrine of Malthus applied to the animal and vegetable kingdoms. He showed that the struggle tended to be most acute between individuals and varieties of the same species, and urged that "any being, if it vary however slightly in any manner profitable to itself, under the complex and somewhat varying conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving, and thus be *naturally selected*". The naturally favoured and selected variety would tend to propagate its new and modified form. Natural selection would thus cause much extinction of the less improved forms of life and produce divergence of character. Here again there can be no question that Darwin's doctrine has stood the test of time. The various criticisms apply not to it, but to glosses, expansions or restatements; it does not suggest that every variation must have a "selection value", that every favoured individual will be selected, that favoured individuals are better or higher individuals, that natural selection is the sole force in evolution, that it produces variation, or indeed any disputable view.

We sometimes wonder if one person in a hundred of those who write about variation and its relation to Darwinism have read or remembered Darwin's chapter on variation. It begins by saying that the laws of variation are not understood, but that the phrase "chance" variation is a wholly incorrect expression. It suggests that the plastic condition of the offspring has probably an intimate relation to conditions affecting the reproductive system in the parents. It throws doubt on, but does not exclude, the importance of the direct effect of differences of climate and food or of increased use and disuse except in so far as the individual itself is concerned. It attaches great significance to the unity of

the living organism in every stage of its existence, one result of which is that no part can vary or be varied without correlated effects throughout the whole, whilst another is the formation of new symmetries when the old are disturbed. It is neither a part of his argument nor necessary to it that every modification should have been, so to say, taken notice of by natural selection. And finally he devotes special attention to the relative importance of large and small variations, and comes to the conclusion that large variations have contributed but the most a minor share to the production of divergence.

Except in one respect, later work on variation has done little more than widen the bases of Darwin's inductions and bring to light what was implicit in his argument. Allowing for the effects of correlation and the establishment of secondary symmetries, the vast body of new knowledge brought together by anatomists and systematists has established and confirmed the importance of small differences. We are beginning to recognise fully that such small variations are not in a sense indefinite; they are variations in an individual organism or organ, and their range and direction are determined by the nature of that organism. Darwin clearly indicated such a limitation when, for instance, he showed how different varieties in a species or species in a genus tended to display parallel variation, and the modern views grouped round the word "orthogenesis" and the like, ignorantly adduced in opposition to Darwinism, are implicit and explicit in the "Origin of Species". The only striking point in which subsequent work differs notably from Darwin's view is that many botanists and zoologists, although by no means a majority of them, are of the opinion that relatively large variations have had much to do with specific differentiation. It yet remains to be seen if that opinion be a natural magnification of interesting new observations or if it is to be a permanent modification of biological theory. If further inquiry supports the views of De Vries and his Cambridge followers, some of the difficulties to which Darwin devoted a special chapter, and which he did not claim to have removed, will disappear, but their disappearance will be in a fashion which he thought improbable. Darwin believed in the canon "natura non facit saltum", whereas on some evidence others doubt it.

There is nothing in modern work that affects Darwin's view as to the origin of instincts by the selection of variations in mental qualities; now, as then, the origin of mental qualities and the extent to which the effects of use and disuse are heritable remain unsolved. An enormous body of information has been collected as to the fertility of hybrids, and the number of cases in which hybrids have been shown to be fertile has increased. The very interesting work on Mendelian inheritance is going to tell us much as to the mechanism of inheritance in hybrid crosses, and has already proved to be of practical value. It would have interested Darwin exceedingly, and it may explain many obscure points as to the nature of sexual cells and the inheritance of characters outside hybrids; but notwithstanding the reckless dogmatism of its advocates, it has so far thrown no kind of light on the origin of species, and stands in no relation of contradiction or support of the Darwinian argument.

In his chapters on the Geological Record, on Geographical Distribution, and on Classification and Morphology, Darwin was breaking new ground, and in these, more than in any other fields, there has been a prodigious increase of knowledge. But it is safe to say that whilst innumerable new facts have been discovered, all of which are congruous with Darwin's views, no single fact has appeared in opposition.

We cannot conceive any rational man, who takes the pains to re-read the sane and moderate statement of Darwin's case in the "Origin of Species", not agreeing that subsequent work has confirmed it. Many of us, however, know most of our Darwinism from the writings of his popular interpreters or from the lopsided enthusiasm of those who think to call attention to their own work by declaring it in opposition to Darwin. When we are commemorating Darwin, we should do well to read Darwin.

BATH CORPORATION AND BATH STREET.

THE project of the Bath Corporation for the destruction of one side of Bath Street appears to be hanging fire, and we may hope that the efforts of the Old-Bath Preservation Society and the universal condemnation of the scheme by outside opinion, added to some difficulties inherent in the scheme itself, will be effective in stopping. That the Corporation are uneasy under the criticism they have invited is shown by the official statement issued by the Mayor and Town Clerk at the end of April. An attempt is made in this to meet the various points raised, and to convict critics of inaccuracy. On one point, not affecting the main discussion, we may frankly admit that the SATURDAY REVIEW was misled. It was stated, apparently on good authority, at the public meeting in Bath that the Corporation had sold a portrait by Gainsborough formerly in the Assembly Rooms, the portrait of a former master of ceremonies. This was not done, it appears, by the Corporation, but by the syndicate owning the Assembly Rooms. The confusion seems to have arisen from the fact that the prime mover in the present scheme, a former Mayor of Bath, was at the time of the sale lessee of the Assembly Rooms. The responsibility was, therefore, not the Corporation's; but the incident does illustrate the danger to objects of historical and artistic interest in Bath when money is to be made by their disappearance. In another incidental matter, the painting of the columns in Bath Street to imitate granite, the Corporation also disclaim responsibility.

So much being admitted, we come to the main points. The Corporation's contentions under these heads have been met at all points in the painstaking examination published the other day by the Preservation Society.* This has taken some time to prepare because thorough verification of disputed facts was required and has been undertaken. The Corporation, in the first place, threw doubt on the artistic value of the street, and affected to have found a difficulty in the appeal to authority. Here are the words of their statement: "It is sufficient for the Corporation to place upon record that so far as concerns the value which should be attached to Bath Street from the architectural point of view, they are unable to obtain adequate assistance from modern authorities in arriving at an opinion, owing to the differences which the publicity of the matter has shown to exist between experts." Seeing that all the recognised authorities on eighteenth-century architecture and all the bodies officially representative of architecture and the care of relics of antiquity have with one voice declared on the side of Bath Street, and that not a single voice of any authority has been raised on the other, the Corporation are hard to satisfy. A further attempt is made in the official statement to discredit Bath Street on the ground that it is not part of the original scheme of the Woods. That is not asserted; it followed on the impulse given by those architects, and belongs to a series of improvements carried out by later men. It was no "isolated work", but an essential part of the big scheme provided for in the Act of 1789, and dealing with the neighbourhood of the Baths and Pump Room, the heart of the place. The statement further attempts to buttress a bad case by making out that the construction of the colonnade and houses is unsound and their condition unsafe. The report on which these assertions are based is traversed by a detailed professional examination, for which, as for other details, we must refer readers to the pamphlet above referred to.

One instance, however, we may cite as an example of the uses of verification, and of the thorough way in which the defenders have done their work. At a meeting of the Corporation, Councillor Oliver, the Chairman of the Baths and Pump Room Committee, speaking as an architect, said: "But when they looked at the

* Old-Bath Preservation Society's Pamphlet No. 2. "Bath Street, Bath. The Official Statement of the Bath Corporation Examined, Criticised and Refuted in every Important Particular." Offices of the "Bath Daily Chronicle".

Ionic columns of the colonnade they certainly were not classic architecture. Ionic columns must be set up according to rule; when they got that they got a thing of joy and beauty; it was in good proportion; but what did they get in Bath Street? They got pillars three feet longer at one end than the other. Anyone who went and looked at it would see that they were out of proportion altogether". Unfortunately for this authority on joy and beauty according to rule, someone did go and "look at it", and, what is more, measure it. The Councillor had asserted that the columns varied three feet in height "although of the same diameter", and were, therefore, "distressing to the trained eye". Actually the difference in height is two feet six inches and the diameters have been carefully proportioned to the varying height caused by the fall of the ground.

Against the complaint that the plans of the new scheme have never been submitted to professional or public criticism, and that we are still ignorant of what exactly is proposed, the Corporation assert that in 1904 the plans were open to inspection; that they were the subject of newspaper articles, and that no opposition was then raised. To this the defenders reply that the scheme of 1904 was a different one, not involving the destruction of the colonnade; that if it had been persisted in there is no doubt that it would have been opposed, and that as late as February of this year hardly anything was known by important members of Council of Messrs. Warings' present proposals, which have never been publicly exhibited. The opposition was organised as soon as the citizens generally realised what was threatened, and it is no argument in favour of the scheme that the apathy of the city took some time to shake. It is a good thing for Bath that the better opinion of its citizens has now found a rallying-point, and that short-sighted schemes of commercial advantage will in future be severely scrutinised. The example of this excellent vigilance association might with advantage be followed in other places.

THE CITY.

HISTORY sometimes, but not always, repeats itself. Old parliamentary hands are recalling the Kaffir boom of 1895, which was interrupted midway by a pause of a month or six weeks, and then swept onwards with irresistible force. Most inconveniently, the boom reached its height in the middle of the holiday season, and brokers and jobbers were obliged, some to hurry back from Scotland and the Continent, and others to content themselves with a back bedroom at Brighton. Are we about to witness a repetition of these events? The Kaffir boom of 1909 has unquestionably come to a halt: will it go on? or will it die away? The moods of the speculative public, reflected in the Stock Exchange, are incalculable. But so far as it is possible to reason about such matters, a boom is nearly always resumed when the conditions of the industry with which it is concerned remain unchanged or improve. To put it a little differently, when the fall in prices is due to the technical position of the market—i.e. to the relation between bulls and bears, and not to an intrinsic decline in values—then the slump is an interruption, not a finale. For instance, a boom in Yankees is often started in the early spring upon a buoyant trade position, which is suddenly changed in the autumn by a bad harvest, or the menace of war, or a new tariff. Then the boom collapses, as its foundation gives way. Now the slump in South Africans is purely technical; the Transvaal mining industry is improving, as the returns and the dividends based on them prove. The slump in prices has been brought about merely by the fact that there are more "givers-on" than "takers-in"—i.e. more people who wish to postpone payment, in the hope of a further rise, than there are people who are willing to lend money for that purpose. It pays the sellers and the shops well enough to take in shares; they get a good rate, though not so good as in times when the Bank rate is high; but it was thought that the speculative account

was too large, was growing larger, and ought to be reduced—therefore the screw was turned on. An account which it has taken eight months to build up cannot be pulled down in a fortnight, so that the Kaffir market may be dull for another week or two, or even for another month. That the boom will be resumed (barring politics) before the autumn we feel convinced. The best shares always suffer most at the hands of the "chuckers-out", and now is the time to buy Gold Fields, Gold Trust, Apex, Modders, Rand Mines, Knights, East Rands, and City Deep. Anybody who wants a good speculative 10 per cent. investment (not a speculation for the rise, for the shares move very little) should help himself to Simmer and Jack Proprietary under 2½—they are now 2½.

The American market is picking up again after its temporary relapse. Steel Commons are being strongly tipped by the usual runners, it being whispered in the ear of the greenhorn that "Morgan is buying". We fancy that we have heard that remark before; we are certain that we shall hear it again. What we really wish to know is why Steel Commons, which only pay 2 per cent. dividends, should stand at 70. At 50 they are dear, for a speculative industrial share should yield more than 4 per cent.; but at 70 they are an insult to one's intelligence. There may be a very good reason for Steel Commons standing at 70; we only want to know what it is.

The Jungle is rather sluggish, though Gold Coast Agency and Fanti Mines are promising, and have almost recovered their recent fall. Amongst Rhodesians the shares to buy are Lomagundas at 13s. and Rhodesian Copper (for special settlement) at 11s. Our curiosity is vividly piqued by the 1s. shares of the National Minerals Corporation, which now stand at 11s. We hear that this little company, with a capital of £20,000 in 400,000 shares of one shilling, has secured a patent process for the treatment of tin which will revolutionise the industry. If this be true, and if there should be radium in commercial qualities in the pitch-blende, there is no reason why these shares should not go to £20, which is the price named by the more enthusiastic shareholders. Anyway, it is a gamble worth going for, and far more amusing than buying a Kaffir share which goes up five-sixteenths one account and down seven-sixteenths the next. The market for rubber shares is still good, Kapar Paras having been largely dealt in at £4, and Ulu Rantaus at £3—no wonder, as the price of rubber is 6s. 10d. a pound.

THE BEST LIFE POLICIES.

AMONG the multiplicity of policies which life-assurance companies have to offer it is not surprising that the uninitiated are sometimes puzzled to know the best kind of policy to take, and the most suitable office to go to. For special purposes there are special policies, such, for instance, as educational annuities, or forms of assurance that provide an income for life to a specified beneficiary. More often than not, however, the most sensible choice lies between policies of three kinds—whole-life, limited-payment life, and endowment assurance; in each case there arises the question whether the policy should or should not share in the profits of the company; as a general rule it is best to arrange for a with-profit policy.

Ordinary whole-life assurance provides for the sum assured being paid at death whenever it happens, and for the payment of premiums to a life office throughout the whole of life. This form of assurance, therefore, involves a lower rate of premium than either of the other two, since the number of premiums which has to be paid is likely to be larger. In cases where the most important thing is to secure the largest possible provision in the event of early death this sort of policy is usually the best. Fairly average premium rates for the assurance of £1000 with profits are £23 4s. at age twenty-five, £29 2s. at age thirty-five, and £38 2s. 6d. at age forty-five. As against the advantage of a large amount of protection under these policies must be set

the drawback that premiums have to be paid throughout the whole of life, unless the bonuses are applied to reduce future premiums, or to cause the cessation of premium-paying on reaching some specified age; this age grows younger and younger with each declaration of bonus, the profits really being used to convert the policy into limited-payment life assurance.

In many instances the most suitable policy is one which provides for the payment of the sum assured at death, but limits the number of premiums which the policyholder has to pay. The premium-paying period can be selected by the policyholder. The cost of assuring £1000 at death, with profits, with premiums ceasing at age sixty, is about £25 10s. a year at age twenty-five; £34 at age thirty-five; and £53 10s. at age forty-five. A comparison of these figures with those for ordinary life assurance shows that for policies effected at the younger ages, and when the number of annual premiums to be paid is large, the rate of premium is but little more than for whole-life assurance. The cessation of premiums at age sixty or sixty-five may prove a welcome relief in the event of retirement, and in any case there is the benefit that the maximum number of premiums which will have to be paid is known beforehand. The man who lives to a very advanced age gains, or rather his estate gains, through receiving many bonuses, while he does not suffer, as is the case under ordinary whole-life policies, through having to pay an abnormally large number of premiums as the result of living long.

The third most usual kind of life policy is endowment assurance, which is the most expensive of the three. The sum assured has to be paid on the attainment of a given age or at death if previous, while under the other two forms it is only payable at death: it may therefore have to be paid sooner under an endowment policy and cannot be paid later. This is one reason for the additional cost, while in this case, as under limited-payment policies, the number of payments made by the policyholder is limited, and this constitutes a second reason for the amount of each premium being larger than under whole-life assurance. For an endowment assurance of £1000, participating in profits and payable at age sixty or previous death, the annual premium may be taken as £29 2s. 6d. at age twenty-five; £42 at age thirty-five; and £73 at age forty-five. Here again it will be seen that at the younger ages the cost of endowment assurance is not vastly more each year than that of whole-life policies; but with increasing age and a shorter endowment period the annual cost rapidly becomes greater and the amount of protection obtainable in the event of early death is so small in proportion to what could be obtained for the same outlay under other policies, that endowment assurance becomes inappropriate for any but the rich.

The receipt of the sum assured under the policy at age sixty or sixty-five is of course an extremely attractive feature, but it is a question for each individual to settle whether in his particular case it is or is not necessary to provide for dependants rather than for himself if his age is such as to make the rate for endowment assurance high. In various ways whole-life and limited-payment life policies can be converted into endowment assurance by taking the surrender value of the policies whenever desired: in one sense this involves a considerable loss, but in another and very real sense the policyholder obtains protection during the early years of assurance when he needs it most, and if this is taken into account the surrender value becomes endowment assurance obtained on terms that are by no means bad. The explanation of how this feature works out must, however, be left for another article.

A NOTE ON ST. JOHN HANKIN.

BY MAX BEERBOHM.

HIS death by his own hand was, for his friends, not less a surprise than a grief. He was the sanest and most level-headed of men; and, while the circumstances of his private life were very comfortable and auspicious, he had achieved for himself a high reputa-

tion in the art that he practised. Of course he was not a great popular success. He can have made but little money out of his plays. But he was in no need of money, and so astute a seer of things as he must have known well that his plays were not of a kind that could ever be lucrative. He had had no need to court popularity, had been able to do his own work in his own way, and had won the reward of general esteem among artists and critics. He was not, then, a disappointed man. He had no reason to be so, and was the last man to be anything without a very good reason. In the suicide of John Davidson (since suicide it must be: there is no hope now that he is hiding somewhere) there seems nothing strange. Davidson was very poor, and was weighted with heavy responsibilities. Also, he was a man of intense emotional temper, with as much capacity for despair as for joy. Also, he was a man of genius; and he believed—rightly or wrongly, but in every fibre of his being—that he had an indispensable message for mankind. He was determined to be heard; but mankind paid him no attention, except in murmuring how pretty his "Fleet Street Eclogues" had been, and what a pity it was he had lost that agreeable knack. Posterity may—and I hope it will—discover that his was really a great message, and despise us for our obtuseness. Meanwhile, it is not, to anyone who knew Davidson's deep passionate nature, surprising that he killed himself. His act seems to us, in retrospect, an inevitable close to a great spiritual tragedy. Hankin—the fortunate and equable and suave and cynical Hankin—was the last man for whom we should have predicted self-destruction. Nothing in his mind nor in his circumstances was there to impel him that way. It was simply to lack of physical strength that he succumbed. He had not the vitality to go on living. He will be missed by many men as an always amiable and witty companion; especially by Oxford men, who felt their youth renewed by the perfection in which, as the years went by, he preserved the Oxford manner. His comedies had an inalienable flavour—the flavour of Oxford. "The Prodigal Son" was certainly the best of them—the lightest and dryest, the most gracefully and lackadaisically acute. It will be his especial monument.

"THE WRECKERS."

BY FILSON YOUNG.

I KNOW it is the wrong thing to say, but I cannot separate the thought of Miss Ethel Smyth's opera "The Wreckers" from the fact that it was written by a woman, and by an Englishwoman. I suppose one ought to be able to regard it quite separately from its author, as a work of art pure and simple, and therefore greater than its author; for art is always greater than the artist. But I cannot achieve this frame of mind. I was preoccupied before the beginning of the performance at His Majesty's Theatre on Wednesday afternoon with the thought of how remarkable it was that we were about to hear a really English modern opera; how remarkable that it should be really produced; how remarkable that it should have been written by a woman. The little of Miss Smyth's music that I had previously heard (I did not hear the concert performance of "The Wreckers") had interested me chiefly because of its strength and uncompromisingly German technique; and here I was about to find this applied to the most English subject that could have been found. It was really quite an important moment in the history of English music; and you see with what kind of prejudices and ideas in my head I sat waiting for the music to begin.

An essential of modern opera is that its theme should be full of atmosphere; once you can establish the right atmosphere ideas will come from the note of a horn or the stroke of a bow; but unless you have the atmosphere established these things remain not ideas but merely notes of horns and strokes of bows. Now there are no two better atmospheres for artistic purposes than those of religion and the sea; almost everyone in the audience has felt something of the power of both, and memories and associations lie waiting there to be

awakened with a word or a sound, and evoked in the artist's service. Yet my first and strongest impression of "The Wreckers" was that it is lacking in atmosphere, in spite of the fact that its subject deals with these two great hypnotic influences. The story is concerned with Cornish coast-life in the mid-eighteenth century, and is supposed to exhibit the grimness of that religion, and the savagery of the spirit that regarded all ships as lawful prey for wrecking and plundering. But the drama does not really exhibit these things; it tells you little or nothing; what you really know you have been told by an explanatory programme. All that the spectator would gather who approached the performance as Sarcey insisted that things dramatic should be approached—that is to say, with an absolutely open mind and a complete ignorance of the story or the subject—would be of crowds who expressed their emotions in rhythmical song, and were always swayed by the eloquence of the last person who spoke to them, who thronged so insistently about the centre of the stage that they could only be induced to leave it either to sing hymns in a chapel or plunder a wreck on the shore. And these large, well-grown, brawny, hearty people complained bitterly that they were starving, and would certainly starve if God did not send a wreck to them; and this in spite of the greenness of the excellent grazing land on the surrounding crofts and valleys.

They represent not the story, of course, but the atmosphere; and it is the atmosphere that I found so disappointing both in the drama and the music. There was no suggestion of that lonely sweetness that is peculiar to the coasts of Cornwall even in stormy weather; no suggestion of the grim and taciturn nature of the Cornish religious. Both men and the sea in Cornwall (and both are now very much what they were in the eighteenth century) are sad rather than savage, and neither have the faculty of those rapid changes from dark to light and storm to sunshine which are characteristic of other seas and other men. I know this quick-change habit, so characteristic of the Irish Celts, is constantly attributed to the Cornish people and the Cornish sea; but in fact they do not possess it. The truly Cornish melancholy and sense of isolation are really easier to suggest and their atmosphere is easier to set on the stage and into the heart than the bustling savage atmosphere that Miss Smyth has chosen to substitute for them, and which she asks us to accept as characteristic of the Cornish wreckers. And finally, instead of being a dramatic poem, the book is just an ordinary "opera book" written by someone with the usual erroneous ideas as to what are and what are not good rhythms and verses for the composer to "set". It is a thousand pities that all Miss Smyth's laboriously wrought and often beautiful music should be irrevocably wedded to literary rubbish; for the fact that the libretto was originally written in French is no excuse for a bad and unpoetical translation.

The music is wonderfully well written, and often shows a largeness of conception and constructive power that are rare among modern composers. It is written, I am glad to say, in the idiom of Wagner, which is of course the best idiom for opera; but yet there is a strange unlikeness to Wagner that continually disappoints one. And it was only on Wednesday afternoon, listening to this complex score to which Mr. Beecham and his orchestra did so great justice, that I realised for the first time how large a part of the satisfying effect of Wagner's music is due to the succession of keys that he uses, and to his choice of tonality. That is not a thing that anyone can ever imitate; it must be innate, expressed unconsciously from within; it makes music like the flowing of a river. But the key scheme of Miss Smyth's music is often cheerless and arid; one's ear aches for the cool refreshment of some related key, instead of a series of abrupt and unkind transitions, with the eternal diminished third waiting round the corner at every modulation. It is all very well to say that the question of sex is impertinent to the criticism of a work of art; but I am convinced in my own mind that part of the aridity and unkindness and sometimes excessive masculinity of the music is due to the fact that Miss Smyth is a woman

and not a man. I may probably have forgotten some obvious and classical example, but I cannot at the moment remember any work of art by a woman in which femininity is given a real expression. It was Mr., and not Mrs., Browning who wrote

" Must a little weep, love
(Foolish me !),
And so fall asleep, love,
Loved by thee".

There is a lack of tenderness in this music which is continually disappointing; and even in the beautiful love music in the second act—which is far the best part of the opera—the passion is not a happy passion sweeping in a happy tide towards doom or towards bliss; but it is dark and brooding and spasmodic, a thing of the nerves rather than of the blood; a pain and not a joy even while it lasts.

Perhaps the chief defect of the work is that, although the music is written in the idiom of Wagner, it is not really dramatic music such as Wagner always wrote, but more intellectual music, such as Delius and William Wallace write, and which is properly heard only in the concert-room. That kind of music is not really in the right scale for opera; the opera score cannot bear looking into too closely, apart from scenery and voices; it should be merely atmosphere. It is the difference between scene-painting and a real painting of a scene which might be represented on the stage. "Tristan and Isolde" is the great and masterly example of the right use of music in drama; the music there is simply a flooding atmosphere of the sea and love and dark destiny; and Miss Smyth will hardly disagree with me if I say that her opera would have been better if it had been more like "Tristan and Isolde"—if the outline, that is, had been simpler, and the emotional content greater and more full.

The performance on Wednesday was not ideal, but it was sufficiently good to be justly praised and to give the audience a fairly true idea of the composer's intention. Mr. John Coates won the chief honours for his interesting and dramatic impersonation of Mark—honours which Madame de Vere Sapio, as Thirza, shared with him. The other principal characters were Mr. Lewys James, Mr. Arthur Winckworth, and Miss Elizabeth Amsden, who performed the parts of Lawrence, Pascoe, and Avis respectively. Miss Smyth received a warm and well-deserved ovation at the end of the performance.

IN AND ROUND SOUTH AMERICA.

By EDWARD H. COOPER.

THE probability that some time during the present century—one does not like to speak rashly about Central or South American projects—there will be a canal across the Isthmus of Panama, available for inter-oceanic traffic as well as for Parisian lottery-drawings, seems to have inspired several other countries to force a passage across South America. After various unsuccessful attempts to find railway contractors who combined a reasonable knowledge of their business with only a moderate amount of dishonesty, Chili and the Argentine Republic have summoned some English engineering firms to their rescue, with the result that Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso will soon be connected both by a railway across the Andes and by a line running through them. The latter may be completed within a few months, though the tunnel has been a colossal undertaking, the mountains being pierced at an altitude of nearly 11,000 feet, so that the ordinary difficulties of transporting materials and food into South American wilds have been complicated for the Welsh and Cornish workmen out there by mountain-sickness and snow.

The "circular tour" of South America, a ticket for which you may buy for about £130, has been made by a good many people lately, most of whom shirk the long and stormy passage through the Straits of Magellan, and have gone out to Rio Janeiro and Buenos Ayres; then by railway to Mendoza at the foot of the Andes,

and across the mountains on mules to the railway (now very much broken up by the recent earthquake) which runs down to Santiago and Valparaiso; thence up the west coast of South America by steamer to Panama, stopping at all the interesting places in Chili, Peru, and Ecuador; and so home via the West Indies. But that passage of the Andes was a terrible part of the journey. You went, if you pleased, in a tumble-down coach through a pass slightly lower at its highest point than the summit of Mont Blanc, spending at least one night in a hut to which you were politely allowed to bring your own wraps. The Argentine railway officials had indeed hinted at the advisability of taking some, together with other items of a mountain-climbing outfit, but had forgotten to mention that death would be the probable result of disregarding their advice, so you may or may not have taken it. The scenery, of course, was magnificent, but did not appeal to a person who was merely feeling that he would sell the whole of it, and ten years of his life as well, for a couple of blankets.

Except for this journey round the fringe of South America, with the one plunge into its interior, travelling there is a desperate business. Nowhere else surely in the world are fevers so malignant, forests and rivers so vast and uninhabited, and insects and snakes so murderous. More than one person has started up the Amazon, meaning to reach Peru and travel to Lima via one of the Amazon tributaries, and then by an unfinished railway which he strikes some few hundred miles outside Lima; but has been turned back at Para, at the very mouth of the river, by a murderous onslaught of mosquitoes, wasps and bees of incredible size, and chigoes which persisted in laying eggs in the skin of his toes. A French traveller, who started from Guayaquil, crossed the Andes of Ecuador to the Amazon, and then descended the river, could not make up his mind which scenery was grander and which horrors were worse, those of the mountains or the river. The well-known ships of the Booth Line go up the river to Manaos, and the boats of the Amazon Steam Navigation Company take you comfortably on to Iquitos; but life on certain river steamers has thrilling moments. Some English tourists some time ago were asked by the ever-polite officials to leave their boat at one of the ports and wait for the next steamer. All the other passengers, they were assured, were doing the same. Time being important, however, and no explanation being forthcoming except that a large number of other passengers had been promised their places, the Englishmen stuck to their boat, which accordingly put in at the river port that night, disembarked everyone else, embarked a crowd of fresh passengers, and went placidly on its way. Where were the new arrivals? asked one of the tourists next morning, and at last understood the captain's explanation. They were Brazilian troops, suffering severely from small-pox and yellow fever, who were being transported down the river to more comfortable quarters. The Englishman's emotions were doubtless as lively as those of a fellow-countryman shooting in Paraguay, who, going to the best hotel in the capital for a few days, found a dead body reposing on the bed in the room which had been allotted to him. The landlord promised politely to remedy the oversight at once; and the tourist's wrath was forgotten in his excitement at discovering that there was a bathroom in the hotel. It came back, however, with treble force on finding an hour later that the landlord had selected the bath as a convenient and unused place to which he could remove his deceased guest.

Yet there are scenes in this land which are worth sacrificing something to see. The world-famous Bay of Rio Janeiro is hardly less wonderful than the hills at the back of it, where streamlets of blue water tumble over banks which seem to be a solid mass of every gorgeous-coloured flower known to botany, with every gorgeous-plumaged bird on earth flying about among them. In the towns of the Amazon district the vegetation is regarded as a first-class nuisance; no house or square yard of ground can be neglected for a short time without becoming smothered with flowers and

creepers of every description. In the forests quite close to Para, Manaos, Santerem, S. Paolo, Iquitos and other large towns and villages are such ferneries, orchid-groups and birds as would take a month of a collector's life to catalogue. And perhaps there is no other part of the world where one can plunge sooner into the curious gloom and silence of tropical forest life, where it is difficult sometimes to see one's way even at midday; where no breath of wind ever stirs the vast boughs of centuries-old trees, and only the occasional shriek of some animal as a boa-constrictor hanging from one of these boughs drops on it and winds it in its folds, breaks the unearthly stillness. Beyond Iquitos, where one takes to the native canoe, with its large, not uncomfortable cabin, and dozen or so of native rowers, the heat becomes damp and sometimes almost intolerable; but it is worth going up as far as Nauta, a point at which, miles away in the west, like a line of rain-clouds in the hot tropical sky, the chain of the Andes appears on the horizon.

Farther in the interior you may hear odds and ends of the "universal language", the eighteenth-century Esperanto, which the early Jesuit missionaries to Brazil tried to teach the natives; but one does not go among such people even nowadays very securely. Perhaps even in Africa there are hardly more intensely savage folk left than some of the Indian tribes of South America. Everyone will remember Darwin's description of the inhabitants of Southern Patagonia, who are hardly altered to-day; and the use of poisoned arrows is still common in the Northern Brazilian forests, where the Indians are skilled hands at dressing themselves up like trees, so that you might pass within half a dozen yards of what you would take to be a young tree-trunk, and know no better till you find a poisoned arrow sticking in your ribs.

Though Argentina would probably claim to be the most businesslike portion of South America, most people would, I fancy, say that Peru is the most civilised, as it is incomparably the most agreeable, country in the continent. Here the courtly Spanish-American is found at his best, the old Inca civilisation seeming still to dominate English, Spanish, and even Yankee society, much as Royalist tradition still dominates the Faubourg S. German in Paris. Some of the Peruvian railways are engineering feats of the finest, one of them, which goes up into the Andes, being, I believe, the highest in the world. I am told on good authority that on this line are one or two villages which would make ideal consumption sanatoria; they are at a height of about 10,000 feet, with a marvellous mixture of clear mountain and sea air, and at no very great distance from the civilisation and amusements of Lima. So much English money is being poured into Peru just now that we may expect to hear soon of the more accessible of these places being turned to such a purpose; though, as a prominent Peruvian personage remarked grimly the other day, "the stopping-places on this railway cannot exactly be described as health-resorts at present". Peru will, of course, be one of the first countries to benefit by the opening of the Panama Canal; and it seems almost a pity that English financiers, engineers and others do not unite more cordially and vigorously to make the country ready for a "boom".

CLOVER SEED.

By W. H. HUDSON.

THERE was something so peculiarly engaging, so grateful, in him, or about him, like an aureole or a perfume, that I was puzzled at it. Perhaps he would not have seemed so strange if it had been in some drawing-room or salon in London, where persons who differ somewhat from their fellows and have some shining quality or distinction are drawn together; but here, in the common room of a cheap commercial hotel in Penzance, among all these men of free-and-easy manners who sat smoking, talking and reading while others wrote at the table, with their order-books, bills and letters heaped before them, he was certainly a

mystery to me. For he was not there by chance ; he was one of them, and spoke, when I succeeded in catching the words he addressed to the man sitting near him, of making calls on customers. Whether the atmosphere of the commercial room was congenial to him or not, he was without doubt accustomed to it, though he was a stranger to the others, and, I heard him say, was visiting the remote western town for the first time. He was very young—the youngest-looking “commercial” I had ever met ; his rosy-brown face, smooth but for the slight down which was only the promise of a moustache, made him seem almost a boy. But he was tall for his age—very nearly six feet—well formed, with a good head and classic features. He was also better dressed than the others, and differed from them, too, in speech and manner as much as in face and figure. It was the peculiar speech and manner of our leading University ; you might have taken him for an Oxford undergraduate on a holiday—one who had never fully acquired, or who had quickly succeeded in throwing off, that air of seclusion or aloofness as of one who stands immovable on his own refuge or island amid the human currents, which marks your Oxford man—an air that amuses and irritates the democrat and the cosmopolitan. The singular attraction he had for me was not due to any of these individual marks of superiority, or to all of them combined. It was wholly different and individual, something from the inner man, perhaps an outward sign of some excellence the nature of which was not revealed. It was one of those little mysteries in our fellow-men which are perpetually exciting our attention only to baffle us. We cannot walk in a crowded thoroughfare without encountering faces which have it written on them, but always in unknown characters. Sometimes it is very beautiful, causing the eyes to shine with an unearthly light, and we would gladly detain and question the bearers if by chance we might be made partakers of a grace, a secret joy, a mysterious power, which was never ours. But we cannot, for no sooner have we seen such a face than it is gone, to be forgotten in a little while or blotted out by yet other faces with the light of other mysteries in them. So various, so infinitely rich, is this world of humanity in which we exist, half-knowing before we die some few score of our fellow-men, while all the others, the thousand millions, are strangers yet !

The room was very full of men and travellers' bags and tobacco-smoke that evening, for it was Saturday and a good many commercials had been coming in to spend their week-end at Penzance. Next day we sat down, about thirty-five in number, to our Sunday early dinner. My young man was sitting opposite to me, and his next neighbour, to make conversation, asked him if this was his first journey. He laughed and replied that he had been a traveller for some years, but seldom got through a day without having that question put to him. “I am beginning to get ashamed of looking so young”, he added. “How old do you think I am?”

“Well, as you tell me you've been travelling some years, you must be twenty at least, though you don't look it.”

“I'm thirty—and a married man”, he returned.

But what keeps you so young in appearance? was my mental comment. What gives you that wonderful freshness and bloom—is it a part of the mystery?

On the afternoon of the following day I came in to put on my boots and leggings and get a stick, and on coming out found my young man standing near the door, apparently waiting for me. “May I go for a walk with you?” he said. “Do you mind?”

“No, I shall be pleased”, I returned. “But I must warn you that I'm going for a long walk, a couple of miles along the front at first, then inland among the hills and woods, and when I get there my pace will slacken, and probably I shall stand still a good deal of the time watching and listening to the birds.”

“And that means you would prefer to be alone”, he said. “Very well, I'll go with you as far as the hills, then leave you with the birds, as I have an appointment to keep in a couple of hours' time.”

And so we set out, and, leaving the town behind us, went by the road with the sea on one hand and green

and cultivated fields on the other, with the furze-grown, rock-strewn hills beyond. And we talked of birds, for, he said, they interested him above all the creatures, and he was glad to be with one who could tell him something about them, for he was very ignorant of birds ; he had never had an opportunity of studying the subject in books, and when he went out to see them for himself he could learn nothing, as he could only see them and hear their notes at a distance, and did not even know what birds they were. For half an hour or so we talked of nothing but birds, he asking many questions ; then, as we got further afield, the wayside flowers began to attract our attention, for it was spring, and flowers were everywhere, and the warm moist air was full of their perfume. Finding that I had no botany, he talked more freely on this subject, and by-and-bye when we came to a field of red clover and I stood still to admire the opening blossoms and say how fond I was of that plant he grew more confident, and, remarking that he too liked it, went on to speak with such an intimate knowledge of the subject that I began questioning him about other clovers, and found that he was familiar with all of them. Our positions were now reversed : he was the master and I the humble inquirer, a little ashamed of my ignorance and glad that I had found so apt and engaging a teacher. Many were the kinds we discussed, wild and cultivated, native and introduced, including the sainfoin of a lovely rose hue, trifolium that incarnadines the fields in June, and, best of all clovers, lucerne with fragrant blue blossoms. And while he discoursed and I listened visions of the far past in a distant land came before me, scenes which had limned themselves in my mind in early youth, in boyhood, and even in childhood, when I ran about in the sun and, dog-like, rolled on the green fresh-smelling clover. But that particular clover which grew everywhere in that land has never been introduced into England. It had a yellow flower and three dark-brown spots on the three heart-shaped divisions of the leaf, and, being so abundant and good for cattle, it was a blessing to the farmer, and at the same time a curse, on account of its flat, button-shaped seed-vessel, which was covered with minute hooked spines, and, when ripe, adhered to the wool. A sheep on getting up after lying on the ground would look strangely marked on one side—the one which had been pressed to the earth—and her fleece would be like a grey garment on which half a hundred green buttons, the size of waist-coat buttons, had been sewn just for ornament. And they never dropped off ; they became embedded in the wool, and the wool from that land was scarcely worth exporting on this account until some clever man invented a machine for extracting the bur without pulling the fibre to pieces. Another more delightful picture was that of the alfalfa, or lucerne, in its blossoming time. I could see the field where it grew, where I was accustomed to wade through it to enjoy the smell and watch the butterflies. For it gives out the most delicious perfume of all clovers, and the hot wind blew the perfume far and wide over the surrounding plain, stretching away level and treeless to the horizon on every side, and it drew the butterflies from miles around, in thousands and myriads, of many sizes and colours, black and white and yellow and red and orange, until the entire blue-flowered field was peopled with the fluttering, feasting crowd.

The time passed only too quickly. I was sorry when he said it was time for him to go back to keep his engagement. Before separating I asked him to tell me how he came to know so much about clovers. He replied smilingly, as if he did not quite believe that I was so wanting in intelligence as not to have guessed the reason—that it was necessary for him to know something, a little, about clover seed in his business. But the subject was peculiarly interesting : no one could be satisfied with just the practical or expert knowledge required for the trade ; you were led on to learn more, and the more you learnt the more wonderful and endless the subject appeared. He added that he was a traveller in clover seed, and would now return and look up some of his customers and leave me to watch the birds.

A traveller in clover seed ! After all our talk it came on me with a little shock of pleased surprise.

I found him again that evening in the commercial

room, and, getting his bag, he took out and opened his samples for me to look at. I had seen clover seed before, for it is a pretty seed which I had been accustomed to pick from the husks and look at in the palm of my hand; but I had never before seen it in this way, bright and clean, of all the different kinds known in cultivation, and in quantities so that I could fill my hand with it as with golden sand. The seeds varied in size from the black or dark-brown sainfoin, the largest, down to the minute alike, and white clover, and yellow-flowered suckling clover. Still more did they vary in colour; they were black, brown, orange and all shades of yellow, red, purple, and all shades of green. In lucerne and one or two other species the seed is of one colour, but as a rule there are two or three or more strongly contrasted colours, and in a sample composed of mixed seeds the appearance is like that of the beach in a certain small cove at the Lizard, where the serpentine rock has been ground down to a powder by the waves. You walk, as you imagine, on a strangely coloured sand, but when you take up a handful of the stuff you find that it is composed of innumerable round, polished pebbles of serpentine reduced to the size of clover-seed or of grains of sand and of all the bright colours of the variegated rock—black, purple, red, green and yellow. When wetted with the sea it sparkles in the sunlight and is exceedingly beautiful.

When he bade me good-bye next morning and started on his eastward journey, taking many towns on his way back to London, it pleased me to imagine him looking out from his carriage window at many green and flowering fields, white and red and blue and deepest crimson, with a light of recognition in his eyes as of one who looks on a familiar beautiful countenance. Again, I thought of him as no ordinary person but as a benevolent being, an almoner, sent abroad on the earth with good gifts to mankind; not travelling in a railway carriage but carried by the wind or on wings, scattering as he flew the minute many-coloured seeds over many brown and barren fields, to make them green and flowery and sweet with perfume. And still again, and best of all, I imagined that I had at length discovered the secret of that elusive quality which had attracted and baffled me from the first moment of seeing him. It was not one inherited from others, but the result of his own vocation reacting on a sensitive and receptive mind. We know that we are shaped, body and soul, by the conditions we exist in, that our own actions and life-works print a character on us; and just as the dyer's hands are subdued to the material they work in, so do our very souls take a colour from that which we see and smell and handle in our various callings. The clover had "entered his soul", and by means of the soul's alchemy its beauty and fragrance had been made a part of him.

THE LANE.

THE lane runs deep in rabbit-riddled banks.
How many hundred years of wheel and hoof
And plodding feet that good cowhide makes proof
Have grooved this rut, which lurks and winds and thanks
The burly stools of oak, the lissom ranks
Of maple and spindlewood for eaves of roof
So large they almost fend high noon aloof?
Up in the hedge the wind may play his pranks:

Here the dead-calms of the after-sunset hour
Hold every scent afloat, immobilised,
Along the leafy-margin'd air-lagoon.
Briarbrush and honeysuckle and elderflower—
Each in his turn, you capture, analysed
In such retort, the essential sweets of June.

J. S. PHILLIMORE.

THE BEGGARS.

BY LORD DUNSANY.

I WAS walking down Piccadilly not long ago thinking of nursery rhymes and regretting old romance. As I saw the shopkeepers walk by in their black frock coats and their black hats I thought of the old line in nursery annals—

"The merchants of London, they wear scarlet."

The streets were all so unromantic, dreary. Nothing could be done for them, I thought—nothing. And then my thoughts were interrupted by barking dogs. Every dog in the street seemed to be barking—every kind of dog, not only the little ones but the big ones too. They were all facing East, towards the way I was coming by. Then I turned round to look and had this vision, in Piccadilly on the opposite side to the houses just after you pass the cab-rank.

Tall bent men were coming down the street arrayed in marvellous cloaks. All were sallow of skin and swarthy of hair, and the most of them wore strange beards. They were coming slowly and they walked with staves, and their hands were out for alms.

All the beggars had come to town.

I would have given them a gold doubloon engraven with the towers of Castille, but I had no such coin. They did not seem the people to whom it were fitting to offer the same coin as one tendered for the use of a taxicab (O marvellous ill-made word, surely the password somewhere of some evil-doer!). Some of them wore purple cloaks with wide green borders, and the border of green was a narrow strip with some, and some wore cloaks of old and faded red, and some wore violet cloaks, and none wore black. And they begged gracefully, as gods might beg for souls.

I stood by a lamp-post and they came up to it, and one addressed it, calling the lamp-post "brother", and said "Lamp-post, our brother of the dark, are there many wrecks by thee in the tides of night? Sleep not, brother, sleep not. There were many wrecks an it were not for thee".

It was strange. I had not thought of the majesty of the street-lamp and his long watching over drifting men. But he was not beneath the notice of these cloaked strangers.

And then one murmured to the street, "Art thou weary, street? Yet a little longer they shall go up and down, and keep thee clad with tar and wooden bricks. Be patient, street. In a while the earthquake cometh".

"Who are you?" people said. "And where do you come from?"

"Who may tell what we are", they answered, "or whence we come?"

And one turned towards the smoke-stained houses, saying, "Blessed be the houses, because men dream therein".

Then I perceived, what I had never thought, that all these staring houses were not alike, but different one from another because they held different dreams.

And another turned to a tree that stood by the Green Park railings, saying, "Take comfort, tree, for the fields shall come again".

And all the while the ugly smoke went upwards, the smoke that has stifled romance and blackened the birds. This, I thought, they can neither praise nor bless. And when they saw it they raised their hands towards it, towards the thousand chimneys, saying "Behold the smoke. The old coal forests, that have lain so long in the dark and so long still, are dancing now and going back to the sun. Forget not Earth, O our brother, and we wish thee joy of the sun".

It had rained, and a cheerless stream dropped down a dirty gutter. It had come from heaps of refuse, foul and forgotten; it had gathered upon its way things that were derelict, and went to sombre drains unknown to man or the sun. It was this sullen stream as much as all other causes that had made me say in my heart that the town was vile, that Beauty was dead in it and Romance fled.

Even this thing they blessed. And one that wore a purple cloak with broad green border said "Brother,

be hopeful yet, for thou shalt surely come at last to the delectable sea, and meet the heaving, huge and travelled ships, and rejoice by isles that know the golden sun". Even thus they blessed the gutter, and I felt no whim to mock.

And the people that went by, in their black unseemly coats and their mis-shapen, monstrous shiny hats, the beggars also blessed. And one of them said to one of these dark citizens "O twin of Night himself, with thy specks of white at wrists and neck like to Night's scattered stars! How fearfully thou dost veil with black thy hid unguessed desires! There are deep thoughts in thee that they will not frolic with colour, that they say 'No' to purple, and to lovely green 'Begone'. Thou hast wild fancies that they must needs be tamed with black, and terrible imaginings that they must be hidden thus. Hast thy soul dreams of the angels, and of the walls of faery that thou hast guarded it so utterly, lest it dazzle astonished eyes? Even so God hid the diamond deep down in miles of clay.

The wonder of thee is not marred by mirth.

Behold thou art very secret.

Be wonderful. Be full of mystery".

Silently the man in the black frock coat passed on. And I came to understand when the purple beggar had spoken that the dark citizen had trafficked perhaps with Ind, that in his heart were strange and dumb ambitions, that his dumbness was founded by solemn rite on the roots of ancient tradition; that it might be overcome one day by a cheer in the street or by someone singing a song, and that when this shopman spoke there might come clefts in the world and people peering over the abyss.

Then turning towards the Green Park, where as yet spring was not, the beggars stretched out their hands, and looking at the frozen grass and the yet unbudding trees they, chanting all together, prophesied daffodils.

A motor omnibus came down the street nearly running over some of the dogs that were barking ferociously still. It was sounding its horn noisily.

And the vision went then.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHILDREN IN WORKHOUSES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

24 June 1909.

SIR,—I notice that in commenting on the debate on the Local Government Board vote in the House of Commons last week, you say, "We are delighted to hear that the number of children in workhouses is declining rapidly". Like you, I should be delighted if this were so; but unfortunately the facts are far otherwise. According to the latest Local Government Board return 22,350 children are still being reared in this unsuitable environment, and that number is actually larger than in any preceding year since 1901.

I am afraid that you have been misled, in company with many others, by the figures quoted by Mr. Burns with regard to the children educated in workhouse schools. It is true that only 565 boys and girls are taught as well as reared in the workhouses, the remainder being educated in public elementary schools. This is something to be grateful for, but it must be remembered that their school hours only account for about one-third of the children's waking existence, and during the other two-thirds, which include the long winter evenings, Saturdays and Sundays, and all school holidays, the workhouse is still their only home.

I acknowledge with gratitude the promises made by the President of the Local Government Board: (1) That a special report on the high infantile death rate in workhouses and infirmaries shall be issued by the Medical Department of the Board; (2) that children boarded out within the Union shall be placed under the inspection of the Local Government Board inspectors and brought into close touch with voluntary committees; and (3) that steps shall be taken to secure the removal from the workhouses of sick children, being some four or five thousand of the total of 22,350 referred to above.

These are all matters which have been urged upon the Local Government Board for years, and it is some satisfaction to know that they will be attended to at last. But nevertheless, the crying evil of keeping ordinary healthy children in workhouses remains untouched, and there must be no peace for the Local Government Board until they can show that the children are being removed from such demoralising surroundings. As you say, Sir, "there should be none at all", and I hope that you will exercise the influence of your REVIEW with unremitting energy to secure this end.

I am yours obediently,

LYTTON,

Chairman of the State Children's Association.

[We have much pleasure in printing this letter; for the importance of its plea can hardly be exaggerated. We misread Mr. Burns' figures; the facts as to children in workhouses are discreditable to the country. We shall certainly co-operate in every way we can with Lord Lytton and his Association to get every child inmate out of the workhouse and prevent any more being lodged there.—ED. S. R.]

CHRISTIANITY IN ITALY.

II.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Now let us come to the press, of which "Traveller" speaks in detail. And first of all I must affirm, from my own certain knowledge, that though there are in Italy, as in every other country, papers subsidised by the Government, the Freemasons, the Jews, (in Italy not all Masons are Jews, but all Jews are Masons), the Clericals, there are some, and not a few, which are entirely independent.

It is a gratuitous assertion to say that the "Tribuna" is the organ of the Government. The President of the Council has several times repudiated it, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, in the solemn precincts of the Senate, protested energetically against the rumour that that discredited journal reflected the ideas of the Government. But the severe judgment of "Traveller" on the "Tribuna" is more than justified, and is shared by every honest man in Italy, even in the parliamentary and political world, for everybody knows that this paper is at the service of him who pays it best. And especially in England it is as well to remember that its editor and proprietor—apparent or real—is precisely that Senator Roux famous for a Congophile campaign so disgraceful and purblind that the Italian Press Association called upon him as one of its members to clear his character, and he having refused to do so was severely condemned on the motion of the On. Bissolati, the socialist candidate who defeated me at the last elections, while he was also reprimanded by the Sub-Alpine Press Association. Moreover, to confirm publicly the discredit in which the editor of the "Tribuna" is held, there is the eloquent fact of his exclusion from the Senatorial Commission of Finance, although he had entered as a candidate and had belonged to it for many years. Of the socialist press little but evil can be said by honest men and all those who pride themselves on observing the principle God, Fatherland, and Family; nor should too much importance be attributed to it. I, who have the honour to write these lines, did not hesitate to declare in Parliament that if the socialist newspapers allowed themselves the poetic licence of singing my praises, in order to safeguard my dignity as a citizen, a gentleman, a soldier and a legislator, I should not hesitate to bring an action for libel against them. It is only too true that the socialist press is free with accusations as disgraceful as they are ridiculous against the Queen-Mother, who is beloved of all Italians and revered for her high virtues as woman, wife and mother by the entire civilised world. Freemasonry, a veritable association of pagliacci and evildoers, at the present moment unfortunately sufficiently influential, is the fountain-head of all this deformity; fortunately the society is stamped with the disapproval of all honest men. And assuredly it is not to the credit and glory of my beloved native Rome to have to-day in her civic administration a hybrid and chameleon-like miscellany

of sham monarchists, republicans, socialists, and anarchists, and at her head the man who was Grand Master of the abominable association, who is a foreigner in our land and a stranger to our language and customs, yet to-day showing himself—more than merely monarchical—a courtier and lacquey of his Majesty the King; yet is he one who has ever ostentatiously fought in the republican ranks. And all this scum of Masonry, Semitism and Subversivism is hand in glove with the republican and socialist Masons of France, under the auspices of an Ambassador who is scandalously incorrect in his interference in our affairs, who gave us a shameful and nauseous specimen of this in the partisan demonstration of all the worst elements in Rome under his windows, where this canaille was received with all the honours of a Commission to celebrate the electoral triumph of a Roman patrician who, after having cringed for the support of the clericals, was carried on the shields of all sorts and conditions of Masons and Subversives. To speak of the filthy illustrated socialist paper is repugnant to any decent man.

Another exaggeration of "Traveller" is the story that in our towns (which are few in number), in which socialists rule in the municipality, religious processions are prohibited, although these, like political processions, can only be stopped for reasons of public order and by the Government authority. I quite agree with the worthy "Traveller" that the evident object of the Masons and their socialist allies is the de-Christianisation of the people. But the people in Italy, thank God! are in an immense majority observant Catholics, and to such a degree as to render vain the infamous attempts of those miserable subverters of religion, fatherland, family and society. One must be quite ignorant of the true spirit of the enormous majority of the Italian people to suppose that we take seriously that group of ignorant men and evildoers who constitute the "Giordano Bruno" associations, the great part of whom do not know the life of their master, which, to tell the truth, was quite other than edifying and patriotic.

Nor does the statement that the splendid monument to Victor Emmanuel II., il Re galantuomo, has really been decreed to magnify the fall of the temporal power merit discussion. A far nobler thought has inspired it: the ever-living gratitude of Italians to the founder of the unity of their country, once divided and tyrannised over by the stranger.

I quite agree that direct contact with France has a pernicious effect on Italy, and that relations with the bloc in that country are fatal. But between this and saying that Italy only imitates France, especially in what is bad, there is a world of difference. Nor is it more true to say that the majority of our people cherish a sympathy with the neighbouring republic. This statement is circulated and artificially magnified by the Subversives in our country, under the lead of the socialists, the Masons and the Jews.

I resolved to write these hasty notes in obedience to a double order of ideas: first, the international importance of the SATURDAY REVIEW, to whose numerous readers my country was presented in a bad light; secondly, in defence of my Catholic and liberal sentiments, which, thank God! being those of the immense majority of Italians, are the strength and gauge of her progress and prosperity, and of the bright future of a country which, amidst so many misfortunes, has preserved and jealously maintains, together with the sacred ideals of the Fatherland, the moral sentiment of religion.

FELICE SANTINI.

[Signor Santini seems to agree with our contributor "Traveller" at least as much as he disagrees, only more so.—ED. S. R.]

THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

23 June 1909.

SIR,—It appears almost incredible to those acquainted with the true condition of the present position the English fleet occupies, or rather fails to occupy, in the Mediterranean that no indication of disapproval re-

garding the policy of our Admiralty on this point has so far appeared in the British press. The following facts, which I can lay before you as the result of personal observation, may surprise and also alarm your readers. During the last few years great changes have gradually been made in the garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta and also in the size and composition of the British Mediterranean fleet. Gibraltar has now scarcely sufficient artillerymen to man the guns defending the Rock. In Malta the fleet is so reduced in size that any call upon English ships empties the harbour of Valetta.

The disturbances in Turkey, occurring a few days before the visit of our King and Queen to Malta, left but few ships to salute the Sovereigns. Some two weeks later the German Emperor paid a flying visit to the island. When the yacht "Hohenzollern" steamed into the great harbour the British fleet there consisted of two hulks, the "Orion" and the "Egmont"; two battleships, the "Exmouth" and the "Duncan"—both under repair and unfit for sea; one or two destroyers, a gunboat, and two second-class cruisers.

On Sunday, 31 May, the British Mediterranean Fleet, commanded by Admiral Curzon Howe, had returned from the Levant, and lay in Valetta and Marsa Harbours. Sudden orders from headquarters resulted in the departure of the whole fleet for the North Sea at nine a.m. on Tuesday, 2 June, leaving only the two hulks, the "Duncan" battleship—still under repair—and five destroyers, three of which were also incapacitated, as the sole naval defence for Malta.

On Wednesday morning, 3 June, the German sloop "Cormoran"—smart and bright with paint and gilding, carrying a crew of 160 men—bound eventually for the German settlement in Samoa—anchored in the deserted harbour of Valetta. She came ostensibly to coal, but remained five days, during which time German sailors were to be met at every turn in the streets of Valetta and its suburbs. The officers, who landed in multo, occupied their time in making careful surveys of the island.

On Sunday, 7 June, the German second-class cruiser "Lübeck" (crew about 400) arrived, and anchored near the "Cormoran". The "Lübeck" was homeward-bound, but remained two days at Malta, and also landed her crews for exploring purposes. To the ordinary observer Malta appeared during this time to contain far more German than English seamen.

The two German ships departed on Tuesday, 9 June, the "Lübeck" for Kiel, where her captain could deliver full information to the German naval authorities as to the English defences of Malta. The "Cormoran" was to visit Mersina, Smyrna, Beyrouth, and Jaffa before proceeding through the Suez Canal to the distant southern seas. One hundred and eleven years ago, on 10 June, the French fleet anchored outside Malta harbour. The Knights had neglected the defences of their impregnable island. Seven days later—their Government had ended—they were already in exile and Bonaparte held Valetta.

I am yours faithfully, JESSICA SYKES.

THE "ZONES" OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—It is a main part of my duty to assist English editors in their task of diffusing accurate knowledge concerning the state of Ireland; and though you, Sir, have before now claimed, doubtless upon good grounds, a more minute familiarity with Irish affairs than you were willing to accord to me, perhaps you will permit a rectification.

You wrote last Saturday: "It" (the Irish Land Bill) "proposes to abolish the 'zones'—that is, administrative areas each approximating to identity of conditions—an arrangement that has made for justice".

I have no doubt that something might be said for the institution and against the abolition of such administrative areas. But in Ireland "zones" is not a geographical expression. The zones are financial. If landlord and tenant come to an agreement for sale upon terms which give a reduction of not less than 10 and not more than 30 per cent. on second-term rents, and not less

than 20 nor more than 40 on first-term rents, the agreement is said to fall within the zones, and the Estate Commissioners can sanction it without further inquiry.

Whether this arrangement has "made for justice" or no is a matter of acute controversy in Ireland; but I am confident that you at least will have no difficulty in deciding that to abolish the zones, no matter what they mean, would be a nefarious and unjust proceeding.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,
STEPHEN GWYNN.

GREEN'S "SHORT HISTORY".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Codford S. Peter Rectory, Wilts, 17 June 1909.

SIR,—Your note about John Richard Green says what thousands of parents and teachers must have thought. The qualities, at once popular and solid, of the "Short History" have given it a unique position in the literature of the class and school room. As you say, the nation has been fed on this book, and it has gone far to make the politics and the faith of the average Englishman. It is given as an examination prize by bishops and deans. It is accepted as gospel by governesses and secondary schoolmasters. And yet it is the work of an admittedly "passionate" partisan, one, moreover, whose judgments are not even from that standpoint up to date, but simply repeat the old stereotyped conventions of the Macaulayite Liberalism and Protestantism of fifty years ago.

Dr. Gardiner, himself a descendant of Cromwell, speaks of the "great gulf" which separates our estimate of the Puritan revolution from that of the Liberal historians of half a century since. Lord Morley, with all his prejudices, is on the hither side of it, but Green on the further. To him the Caroline period is still "The Tyranny". Laud is a "pedantic, ridiculous, superstitious" oppressor of freedom of thought. The Pilgrim Fathers crossed the seas from ardent love of freedom. The Bartholomew of 1662 was the wanton ejection from their benefices of two thousand learned and active clergymen. And so on. Green, in fact, was obsessed by a fanatical hatred of the Church whose Orders he had cast from him—not out of any small spite, but because it seemed irretrievably committed to the ecclesiastical and sacerdotal position which he abhorred. He never makes the slightest effort to be fair to the Laudian or Tractarian view of the Church of England as the heir of a cleansed but continuous Catholicism, his own ideal being to bring that Church into "closer relations with the Reformed Communions of the Continent and into greater harmony with the religious instincts of the nation at large". Like a true Liberal, he tolerates no other ideal.

Green is usually honest and well informed. But what is to be said of his suppression, in his account of Naseby, of the fact that Cromwell put to the sword, when the battle was over, a hundred unhappy Irish-women, the Englishwomen escaping with faces merely slashed across with the troopers' swords? Fancy how much we should have heard of a similar atrocity perpetrated by the King's orders! Or what is to be said of the statement that in 1662 "for the first time since the Reformation all Orders save those conferred by the hands of bishops were legally disallowed"? Green must have read the Preface to the *Ordinal*! It is true that one or two instances have been alleged of cures being held, during the earlier Elizabethan confusions, by Presbyterians. But Mr. E. Denny, in one of the Church Historical Society's publications, has shown that this cannot have been so. In any case it could not justify Green's reckless assertion.

But these are details. The general character of picturesque partisanship which is obvious on every page of this book escapes denunciation only because Englishmen have been steeped for generations in the traditions of Whig-written history. But many Churchpeople are beginning to feel very uncomfortable about the matter. The "Short History" stands alone, and by its decided merits holds the field. What are they to do?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

REVIEWS.

A COMPLETE GUIDE.

"A Complete Guide to Heraldry." By Arthur Charles Fox-Davies. Edinburgh: Jack. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

WE have in Dr. Woodward's "Heraldry, British and Foreign"—the only scholarly work in English upon a subject that has filled bookcases—a sentence which might serve as a text for the commentator upon any heraldry book on the shelf. "There is probably", he wrote, "no subject on which so many books have been and continue to be published with so little original research." Once again we are reminded of this saying when we come to deal with the book which Mr. Fox-Davies, with characteristic assurance, entitles "A Complete Guide to Heraldry".

Mr. Fox-Davies has already made a name for himself as the compiler of volumes which battle for his opinion that an assured place in the English aristocracy, social advancement, and even, it would seem, a physical beauty transmissible in the male line, are things purchasable for the very moderate fees which attach to a grant of arms from the Heralds' College. To that institution Mr. Fox-Davies has vowed a devotion unselfish as passionate. Mr. Anstey once gave us the story of the discomforts of a Roman pro-consul who, in a rash moment, asked of the Senate the honour of being always accompanied by a flute-player. To be accompanied by the trumpet of Mr. Fox-Davies must be every whit as embarrassing for Garter and his tabarded friends. Our Complete Guide is unconcerned with dull archaeology. He has, indeed, an ill-concealed jealousy of the mediæval England, which is for him an unexplored Africa, and of that age of "musty parchments" whose armorial practice in war and the jousting-yard stand condemned by the rules of the modern handbook, whose armorial art is surpassed by the neat creations of the modern engraver of book-plates. Custom, however, demands that Mr. Fox-Davies, inditing a book which shall be called the "Complete Guide to Heraldry", should make the usual attempt to reconcile the paper armoury of post-mediæval times with mediæval practice. But any page taken at hazard will show that Mr. Fox-Davies' researches stay at the limit of his predecessors. His fingers are unsold by those "musty parchments". He is of opinion that "it might be interesting if some enthusiast would go carefully through the ancient rolls of arms", but his own enthusiasm in the matter is lukewarm. Therefore when he writes that "many mistaken ideas upon armoury are due to the fact that the handbooks of armoury have not always been written by those having complete knowledge of their subject", we find ourselves in accord with him and add his "Complete Guide" to the list of those handbooks.

Here indeed are all the familiar errors of the handbooks masked in their familiar nonsense-language, a tongue which would have puzzled the mediæval knight as much as it confuses the pedant of the twentieth century. Here is the strange French which makes of "coué" a portmanteau-adjective signifying that a lion's tail is tucked between its hind legs. Here is "segrant" as the qualification of a ramping grifon, Mr. Fox-Davies being wholly unaware of the manner in which those meaningless syllables came late into his sacred language. Here are lions "evire" and lions "demembré", and we look not in vain for the heraldry-book grammar by which a cross when "fleuretté" is seen to be masculine, while the cross "pâtée" takes the feminine form. But when the patient student of this nonsense is bidden to call a green roundel a "pomeis" he may surely protest, as we do, reminding Mr. Fox-Davies that pomeis is a plural.

There are times when Mr. Fox-Davies falls behind even the modest standard of heraldry-book archaeology. "Early heraldry", he writes, "sought to impose this definite distinction, that the lion could only be depicted erect in the rampant position and that an animal represented to be walking must therefore be a leopard. . . . The use of the term 'leopard' in heraldry to signify

a certain position for the lion never received any extensive sanction." Thus in a few words our Complete Guide tells us plainly enough that he has never had a sight of any mediæval blazons. Every old roll of arms will give him lions passant as well as lions rampant, leopards rampant beside leopards passant.

The "definite distinction" of "early heraldry" was quite another matter. The difference between the lion and its cousin the leopard being unascertained, the old armourists decided to mark it by drawing a leopard full-faced while the lion's head was seen side-long. So far from this convention having no "extensive sanction", it was recognised in practice without exception during the whole of the Middle Ages in England, and our mediæval sovereigns, following it, never failed to name their own golden beasts as leopards. Mr. Fox-Davies is singularly unfortunate in his adventures in the heraldic lions' den, for he adds another "ancient rule", discovered, as we imagine, in some not very ancient handbook, that "lioncels" was the term used for lions when two or more appear in a shield. A rudimentary study of the old blazons would show that the word "lioncel" was used for even a single lion when other than the chief charge of a coat.

These, however, are not points which we are careful to argue with a popular compiler of heraldry books: they belong to that exact archaeology of which the Guide is shyly contemptuous. Tales already worn threadbare by his predecessors and pitiful guesswork pad out the six hundred pages of this Guide, which more than one reviewer has already blessed with that abused epithet of "scholarly". Considering the severed head and paws of the Maitland lion, Mr. Fox-Davies thinks "it would be interesting to learn to what source its origin can be traced". Of the three toads borne as a coat of Botreaux, he is "confident" that "traced to its original sources" they would be found to be "three buckets of water, a canting allusion to the name". Yet Maitland's arms have no remoter source than a much more obvious French pun on his name, while in the same language "boterel" or "botereau" signifies a little toad. What can we say of the ignorant assurance of a writer who presses in among French blazonries without an elementary acquaintance with the tongue? "Scholarly", at least, the reviewer might spare him.

Everywhere the Complete Guide stumbles for want of any first-hand acquaintance with archaeology. Seeing that the great earls of the house of Ferrers bore a vairy shield while their cadets of the Groby line bore voided lozenges, he is sorely puzzled. On one page he suggests that the voided lozenges are "a corrupted form of the vair", which is saying that a shield known to all England was forgotten by the younger son of its bearer. On another page Mr. Fox-Davies astonishes even those used to the vagaries of popular heraldry books by suggesting that, since the Ferrers of Groby and the Quincy shields are alike, "there may be hidden some reference to a common saintly parentage or some territorial honour the knowledge of which no longer remains". But without going to the Saints' Calendar for an explanation, any 'prentice antiquary could have told the Guide that a Ferrers earl married a co-heir of Quincy, and that a younger son of the match, having his mother's lands, followed a common mediæval custom and bore her arms.

History and exact genealogy may be weak points of the Guide, but he is an ungrudging swallower of legend. Like all heraldry-mongers before him, he is ready to tell us that the "earliest undoubted augmentation of arms" was given in the fourteenth century when Sir John de Pelham was granted "two round buckles with thongs" for his share in the capture of King John at Poictiers. Yet Froissart and his fellows know nothing of Sir John's deed, and the thongs appear first two hundred years later, purveyed by a herald to a Pelham against the wish of the head of the house, who protested against such "altering of arms for gain". Also Mr. Fox-Davies tells us that "Piers Legh fought with the Black Prince at Crecy, and took the Count de Tanquervil prisoner", his descendants in the reign of Elizabeth having a commemorative augmentation

granted them. For a champion of official heraldry the reminder is an unkindly one. An Elizabethan herald did indeed grant such an augmentation to the Leghs reciting the deed of Piers. But that herald was as careless as Mr. Fox-Davies of pedantic accuracy. Contemporary evidence shows that not Piers Legh but Sir Thomas Danyers took the Chamberlain—not the Count—of Tancarville prisoner at Crecy, and the College of Arms will hardly thank Mr. Fox-Davies for dragging to light the scandal of the Elizabethan grant.

Yet, for all this, there is evidence in the "Complete Guide" of a certain measure of research. Unfortunately the source of it is not far to seek. Dr. Woodward curses the "freebooting compiler" who should come after him, and his record of an especial contempt for a certain writer who thought to enhance the value of coat-armour "by writing pages of incredibly snobbish rubbish" about it might have persuaded Mr. Fox-Davies at least to use his notebook elsewhere. Nevertheless Dr. Woodward's cherished collections have gone to pad out the "Complete Guide" and to earn for its compiler the character of a scholarly antiquary, well versed in European heraldry. Testing a single chapter of the Guide we find foreign examples cited freely. In every case these examples are found in Woodward, whose very words are lifted as well as may be by a compiler whose spelling of foreign words and names is somewhat uncertain. Whole paragraphs have been transferred without acknowledgment, and, since "Heraldry, British and Foreign" is not the only cistern at which Mr. Fox-Davies has filled his can, we refrain from further criticism. It is with Mr. Fox-Davies that we would deal, and even the passages where the split infinitives are thickest may be informed by another man's researches.

MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER'S LAST BOOK.

"Military Needs and Military Policy." By H. O. Arnold-Forster. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

IT is with a feeling of keen regret that we review for the last time a work from the pen of Mr. Arnold-Forster. He may not have been a great success as War Secretary, although a most earnest and painstaking one; but there can be no manner of doubt that he was a most brilliant destructive critic, and that by the power of his undoubted knowledge and invective he exercised a wholesome influence on military policy. Yet this very knowledge, which he had acquired at great labour, was a positive disadvantage to him when he was actually placed in charge of the military machine. The amateur critic of military policy in the House of Commons is more effective if he does not descend from the standpoint of generalities and principles; no matter how well he is informed, once he has to enter into details he is done. And the usual War Secretary cannot pretend to a grasp of military details, and it is best that he should leave them alone. Mr. Arnold-Forster, however, had spent years in the study of Army matters; and it was beyond human nature that once in power he should not attempt to introduce some of his pet theories. But by doing so he at once caught himself in a very network of difficulties; and his military subordinates resented the presence of a civilian who pretended to possessing, and perhaps with some reason, more knowledge than they had themselves. He had probably studied military problems more closely than they had. But with him it was a matter of theory, whilst with them it was practice. We are often told that it is absurd to trust the control of the Army and Navy into the hands of ignorant civilians. But Mr. Arnold-Forster's tenure of the War Secretaryship shows us that, short of making a soldier War Minister—which under present conditions is well-nigh impossible—it is better that the political chief of the Army should have no preconceived notions.

Some months before his death Mr. Arnold-Forster had announced that he would not seek re-election. This placed him in a very independent position; since his future utterances could not be held to bind his party, although he was an ex-Cabinet Minister. From a national standpoint this was very important,

because it seems from his last book that he was gradually becoming a convert to compulsion, on which he could of course have spoken with unequalled authority as an ex-War Secretary. He admits that by accepting the principle of conscription we shall, in some respects, be gainers. "Anything which improves the physique of a people, which inculcates habits of discipline and order, which exhibits obedience to orders and self-sacrifice for a common ideal as virtues, must be good for a nation." It is true that he qualifies this to some extent. But he concludes by saying that "while the real thing may conceivably be of value in more ways than one, the make-believe variety must always be an unmitigated curse". This at least is very different from his old attitude; and we are glad to see he admits that his estimate of the cost of conscription—to which we took the strongest exception at the time—was possibly overdrawn—"it is possible that the thing might be done for less". And with all his qualifications and tentative utterances on the subject, it seems clear that Mr. Haldane's achievements went far towards making Mr. Arnold-Forster a convert to the policy we have advocated for so long.

It is only natural that he should speak with some bitterness about the complete reversal of his policy which his successor brought about; and when he comes to a comparison of the military situation as it was when he left office and what it is now he certainly makes out a good case for himself and a bad one for Mr. Haldane. He shows how the present system accentuates all the admitted shortcomings of the Cardwell system, that it cannot produce an increased number of cadres, but, on the other hand, has led to the loss of nine infantry battalions and to the reduction of thirty-three field batteries to an establishment which will preclude the possibilities of their taking the field. He also with justice points out how Ministers may secure the warmest approval for the very things which, under another name, were anathema. He very rightly condemns in no measured words the institution of what he terms a "Press Bureau", which has been so noticeable a feature of the Haldanean régime. The upholders of the present mythical policy, all opponents of which are indiscriminately dubbed anti-patriots, draw their "inspiration and their matter from the War Office or from some member of the Committee of Defence". This is indeed one of the worst features of the present régime; and, as Mr. Arnold-Forster points out, if the public only knew from whom these panegyrics really emanate, their weight and value would materially diminish. Generally we consider this book of great value. It places before the public the naked truth; and we trust that in the interest of the nation it will be widely read.

ENGLAND'S WORLD-POLICY.

"The Political History of England." Vol. IX. From the Accession of Anne to the Death of George II. 1702-1760. By I. S. Leadam. London: Longmans. 1909. 7s. 6d. net.

THE appearance of the ninth volume of "The Political History of England", though belated (the twelfth volume having already appeared), is welcome, both because it is admirably done by Mr. Leadam, and because the first sixty years of the eighteenth century are the most interesting and decisive in our story. The war of the Spanish Succession, with which that period opened, and the Seven Years War, with which it closed, practically decided the struggle between England and France for the New World, although the book was not closed until half a century later at Waterloo. It is surely one of the strangest accidents in history that we should owe our colonial empire to the Dutch fear of France. Yet so it is. When William of Orange accepted the invitation of the Whig nobles to supplant James II. it was part of the bargain, explicit or well understood, that England would help him to break Louis XIV. The death of William III. left England with a Whig Government, and the French war in a state of suspended

animation. Professor Seeley said in his lectures that the War of the Spanish Succession was an absurd misnomer, and that it was in reality a war for the Spanish trade in the West Indies and South America. So it was, for it really mattered not two straws to us whether Philip V. or Charles III. ruled at Madrid. It is easy to see that now: we find no indications that at the time either of the two English parties saw that we were laying the foundations of our empire. It was a Whig war, conducted by Godolphin at home and by Marlborough abroad. It was therefore denounced by the Tories, whose one maxim of foreign policy was "For God's sake, let us get out of Spain!" The Whigs were powerful enough in Parliament and at Kensington Palace to keep the war going by a succession of victories for eight years. But when Harley and St. John came into power in 1710, their first care was to damp down the war by substituting Ormonde for Marlborough, and by opening secret negotiations with France. Luckily for England, Marlborough and Eugène had by that time exhausted France, so that, if Philip V. remained on the throne of Spain, we gained by the treaties of Utrecht the openings of our colonial trade, and the possession of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Gibraltar. These enormous advantages we owe, not to the Tories, who made the peace, but to the Whigs, who made the war, and who, of course, professed themselves discontented with the terms of the political and commercial treaties, the latter of which they managed to modify in a protectionist sense. The reign of Anne is interesting not only on account of its military successes, but because it witnessed the evolution of the party system, and because its politics employed the pens of Swift, Steele, Addison, and De Foe. The first man to understand the party system was Bolingbroke. Oxford did not understand it, and tried in his muddle-headed way to carry on the government by a coalition of moderate Whigs and Tories. Bolingbroke discerned at a glance that the moderate man, though the real ballast of the Constitution, is not a driving force. Bolingbroke's tenure of office was too short to discover any power of constructive statesmanship, and it is a thousand pities that those three brief years were wasted in squabbles and intrigues, in trying to make his drowsy mistress understand, in trying to get his fuddled chief to act. Mr. Leadam appears to believe the charges of pecuniary corruption against Lord Bolingbroke in connexion with Arthur Moore and the Quebec expedition, and that most shameful business, the Asiento slave contract. We are inclined to believe them too, for though Bolingbroke only took some £13,000 into France, he lived here at great expense, with mistresses, carriages, hunters, a house in Golden Square, etc. If Bolingbroke founded the Tory party, his dramatic flight and subsequent service in the cause of the Pretender excluded it from power until the French Revolution seventy-five years later.

To Bolingbroke succeeded Walpole, his bitter enemy, his mental antithesis, but in one sense his apt pupil. Bolingbroke was the superb rhetorician, striking at men's passions. Walpole was the incisive debater and man of figures, appealing to men's reason. One leaf, however, he took from Bolingbroke's notebook, namely, the maxims of strict party government. The two men saw that with all its cruelty and corruption a highly organised party system was the only way to govern England. The quarter of a century that passed between the Peace of Utrecht in 1713 and the Spanish War in 1739 was a breathing-time in the duel with France. The reign of George I. was remarkable for nothing except the old Pretender's rebellion in Scotland and the South Sea smash in 1720. The South Sea Company and its misfortunes are very modern. The King was Governor of the company, and the Prince of Wales about the same time became governor of the Welsh Copper Company. Nobody talked of anything but stocks and shares, and a prospectus was issued of a company "for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is. Every subscriber who deposits £2 per share to be entitled to £100 per annum". There is a crudity about this

language which makes us smile, though prospectuses quite as silly in reality are published every day. The South Sea Company had the Asiento contract for the slave trade, and it offered to take over on terms the National Debt, an Act to effect the deal being passed by both Houses of Parliament. South Sea stock rose to 1000, and then came the inevitable smash, about which there are two points of historical interest. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer; James Craggs junior, Secretary of State (the charming young man—one of the suppressed characters of history); and Sunderland, First Lord of the Treasury, were all accused by a committee of the House of Commons of corrupt speculation. Young Craggs died of the small-pox, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, before he could answer the summons of the committee. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was proved to have speculated for a rise in South Sea stock during the progress of the Bill, and to have accepted an allotment of stock for his services. He was expelled and committed to the Tower. Sunderland was only acquitted because Walpole told his friends that an adverse verdict meant the return of the Tories to power. The other interesting fact is that, for the first time in English history, the cancellation of debts, the Greek *σευάθεα* was adopted. South Sea shareholders had borrowed £11,000,000 from the company on the security of its own stock. It was enacted that the debtor was to stand acquitted by the surrender of his pledged stock and the payment of 10 per cent. of his cash advance, which was reduced the next session to 5 per cent. The State annuitants, or, as we should call them, the holders of Consols, received about half their previous incomes. No wonder that the Duke of Portland and Lord Lonsdale were obliged to apply for West Indian governorships. The declaration of war upon Spain in 1739 is another illustration of the unconscious direction of British foreign policy by the mere antagonism of parties. Pulteney and the Patriots cared very little about Jenkins' ears; but they were determined to put Walpole out. The war with Spain soon drifted into a war with France; Walpole resigned, took a peerage, and died. The Duke of Newcastle, his brother Henry Pelham, Fox and Pitt entered upon the scene, and there opened the great drama that closed with the death of George II., and left England mistress of Canada and India. The three years between 1757 and 1760 are the most exciting and the most glorious in English history, and their glory was due to three men, Pitt in London, Wolfe in Canada, and Clive in India. Macaulay, Horace Walpole, many diarists, correspondents, biographers, and quite recently the Austrian von Ruville, have made us familiar, or at least given us the opportunity of becoming familiar, with the stimulating story of this meridian of England's career. Mr. Leadam has availed himself of his ample materials to present us with a scholarly and entrancing volume, of which the moral is that the party system, great as are its evils, has driven us into the acquisition of one of the most powerful empires the world has yet seen.

THE SILVER AGE.

"Post-Augustan Poetry, from Seneca to Juvenal." By H. E. Butler. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1909. 8s. 6d. net.

THIS is a book to be read with much interest and profit. It deals with a period of literature which is somewhat off the beaten track, and the author's appreciations of the various poets are very tasteful and sympathetic; in fact he seems to find merit, of a kind, even where many have failed to find a trace of it. Probably to the average student of literature the first two chapters will be the most interesting, for in Chapter I. he traces with a good deal of acumen the causes of the decay of Latin poetry, and the second he devotes to Seneca.

Seneca is mainly interesting to English readers as the channel through which the Greek master-

pieces which he attempted to imitate reached us at a critical period in our literary development. Seneca had a strong influence on the tragedy of the Renaissance; he had his imitators in England, France, and Germany, and great English writers of the period took his rhetorical bias. Many of them, including Shakespeare, express profound truths of psychology in terms of rhetorical convention. Seneca's tragedies are as a whole frigid and conventional, untrue in sentiment, stiffly and rhetorically presenting moral commonplaces. Among the causes of the decadence of Latin poetry were the paralysing effects of the triumphs of the Golden Age, the growing taste for oratory and declamation, created at school and fostered in after life, and the fact that, satire alone excepted, there was no branch of literature in Rome that was not more or less derived from Hellas, and the success of the borrowing depended on the personality of the borrower. But probably the rhetorical controversial spirit is mainly responsible. As Mr. Butler puts it, "The same faults that were generated in the schools were intensified in after life. In the law courts the same smart epigrams, the same meretricious style were required. No true method had been taught, with the result that 'frivolity of style, shallow thoughts, and disorderly structure' prevailed; orators imitated the rhythms of the stage and actually made it their boast that their speeches would form fitting accompaniments to song and dance. It became a saying that 'our orators speak voluptuously and our actors dance eloquently' (Tac. Dial. de or. 26). Poetical colour was demanded of the orator, rhetorical colour of the poet". A curious analogy with the moderns who criticise painting in terms of poetry and music in terms of both.

Most of us would turn next to Juvenal. Indeed, he is hardly second to Seneca in interest, and decidedly above him in literary merit. Often he has been translated, adapted, and paraphrased. Dr. Johnson's "London" and "The Vanity of Human Wishes" are notable adaptations of two of his best satires. He is the most brutal and direct of Roman satirists; more serious and less simple than Lucilius, less "urbane" than Horace, and possessed of far deeper practical knowledge of the "seamy side" than Persius, he displays a vivid phraseology and a power of producing crude effects which remind one of Swift and Swift alone. Some of his phrases are immortal—his tremendous apostrophe to Hannibal:

"I, demens, et saevas curre per Alpes,
ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias";

or the "Starveling Greek":

"grammaticus rhetor geometres pictor alipites
augur schoenobates medicus magus, omnia novit
Graeculus esuriens; in coelum, miseris, ibit?"

or

"facit indignatio versum.

quidquid agunt homines, votum timor ira voluptas
gaudia discursus nostri est farrago libelli".

Martial, again, is the poet of the epigram, not as we find it in its Hellenic origin, but coarsened and more sharply pointed. "Above all it becomes the instrument of satire, stinging like a wasp where the satirist pure and simple used the deadlier weapons of the bludgeon and the rapier." Martial was a Spaniard like Lucan and Seneca, a favourite of Titus and "patronised" by Domitian. He is a fine stylist and wonderfully pungent and envenomed "in a little room". But he is seldom natural for long, and his constant efforts to be terse and allusive at any cost render him by no means easy to follow, though there is no Latin poet to approach, in respect of obscurity, to Persius, whose satires show a refined and uncommon literary gift combined with an involved and obscure style which seems to aim self-consciously at baffling the reader's acumen.

Mr. Butler describes the "Satyricon" of Petronius as "the most curious and in some respects the most

remarkable work that the Silver Age has bequeathed to us". This is certainly true, as may be seen on the most cursory inspection. It is practically sure that it is the work of that Petronius Arbiter whose life and death Tacitus describes for us so vividly. But it is not in this "picaresque novel", recently edited by Mr. Lowe, that Mr. Butler finds Petronius' finest workmanship. A considerable number of more or less authentic Petronian epigrams are preserved in the fragments of the "Anthologia Latina". Some of these are very charming in their "genre", but the love-poem quoted by Mr. Butler on page 138 is, as he rightly says, worthy of Propertius or even of the Greek Anthology.

of Propertius or even of the Greek Anthology. There are many others examined and reviewed by Mr. Butler with whom we have no space to deal. Lucan, whose rhetorical turgidity betrays his Spanish origin and the influence of Seneca, but who is as "quoteable" as many a better poet—

“**victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni** ”,

“victurosque Dei celant, ut vivere durent,
felix esse mei”.

Valerius Flaccus, who rewrote the story of Medea a long way after Apollonius Rhodius; Statius, who plunged into the welter of Theban horrors and gained but little by his rashness; Pliny the younger, whom we know best as a letter writer; and, last and least, though even for him Mr. Butler has a word of praise, Silius Italicus, who would fain make another "*Aeneid*" out of the Punic Wars; and yet others, *minima sidera*, whose names are almost meaningless to the ordinary reader.

A MONUMENT OF LEGAL LORE.

"A History of English Law." By W. S. Holdsworth.
Vols. II. and III. London: Methuen. 1909.
10s. 6d. net.

MR. HOLDSWORTH'S work has the learning which no other English lawyer either needs or wants, unless, like Mr. Holdsworth, he is a lecturer or professor in law at a university. It seems that Mr. Holdsworth himself can hardly have been aware when he began to write his book of the vast amount of matter that ought to be included in a history of English law. When he published the first volume of this work six years ago he thought that one more volume would complete it. Yet these two additional volumes do no more than bring down the history to the end of the Middle Ages. Mr. Holdsworth does not venture this time to forecast how many more volumes will be necessary to bring his work to a close. He intends to do what Reeves did in the early years of the nineteenth century—cover the whole ground—so that unless we suppose the nineteenth century had no legal history Mr. Holdsworth's work has a century the more to include than Reeves'. Not improbably, therefore, the history may in the end require for completion at least as many volumes as its predecessor. And indeed there is a better reason for including the latest century than the earlier ones. Mr. Holdsworth would do more service to the present generation of students by an account of English law from Blackstone's time to our own than by writing over a hundred pages on the Saxon period which for the most part are pure legal antiquarianism. We believe it is a figure used by Mr. Holdsworth himself that the structure of English law has other foundations than the customs of the Anglo-Saxon. Down to the thirteenth century the English law student had surely in Pollock and Maitland all that was necessary to enable him to understand, so far as the legal historian can trace them, the origin and history of legal principles and doctrines.

and doctrines. When we come to the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries we see why it is that Mr. Holdsworth so greatly under-estimated at first the space which he would require. In two volumes he might have written a text-book for students at the Universities or the Inns of Court tracing broadly the development of legal history.

But it was impossible in that space to reconstitute in detail, and as if he were writing a text-book of an actually existing system for contemporary students, the land law, the criminal law, the law of contract and tort, and the systems of procedure and pleading. It was law when Littleton wrote, and was being forgotten when Coke commented on Littleton. The disintegration went on until Blackstone wrote his commentaries on a system which, what with legislation and with the Court of Chancery, would have been as strange to Littleton and Coke as their own obsolete systems are now to us. Since Reeves finished his labours in 1829 the study of legal history has, like other studies, become much more scientific, and immense new sources have been drawn on by such writers as Stubbs, Maine, Maitland, and Pollock. This new school of historical jurists have made the knowledge of legal history possessed by Blackstone or even by Reeves appear very superficial. Reeves' history, however, is still the only one which treats of English law as a whole, and, as Mr. Holdsworth says, the greater part of it was published between 1783 and 1787. When Mr. Holdsworth began this work he perhaps did not see so clearly as he has done since that the whole history of English law ought once more to be written with all the resources of modern learning. In deciding to write it he has put up a monument rather than written a text-book. He will be the Reeves of the next hundred years, and many writers of legal books will turn to him when they have occasion to consider the history of a principle or an institution. And so it is as to the teacher and student. Having made his decision to write on so large a scale, Mr. Holdsworth must forego the pleasure of coming into intimate relations with the student himself. The ordinary student will get the advantage of Mr. Holdsworth's book indirectly through his teacher's lectures. It is a teacher's text-book, not a student's. As he has resolved to satisfy the admirable instinct of a scholar to turn out a complete piece of work, he should now anticipate the summarisers who are sure to quarry from his extensive mine, and himself supply the class student with a text-book.

NOVELS.

"Scenes and Portraits." By Frederick Manning.
London: Murray. 1909. 6s.

Landor, Mr. Traill, Mr. Stevens, M. Anatole France—these are the rivals with whom Mr. Manning has chosen to compete. He is well qualified, on the whole, since he possesses scholarship, imagination, and irony. It was hardly necessary for him to patronise S. Paul in his Preface—"Renan has a natural prejudice against ce laid petit Juif . . . I do not share this prejudice". Surely the reader might have been left to discover this important fact. The framework of "The Friend of Paul" is obviously suggested by M. France's "Le Procureur de Judée", but the spirit of the sketch is very different. Three Roman patricians meet in a villa in Spain, talk of Seneca—just dead—and Nero—midway in his career—and the host, an Epicurean of the nobler sort, tells his friends of a visit to Corinth, where he had chatted with Gallio, and by a series of chances seen much of the new sect of Christians, and held converse with their leader Paul. The Epicurean was touched, but not converted. There are six sketches in the book, and all repay study. Euripides and Socrates talk of the gods—and Mr. Manning has caught so much of the Platonic spirit that we do not resent his daring. S. Francis of Assisi justifies himself to the reluctant Pope. Renan and Leo XIII. meet in the Paradise of the Disillusioned, where a colloquy on Socialism and Christianity is interrupted by the amazing news from earth that Cardinal Sarto is the new Pope. The court of a decadent Babylonian dynasty trespasses on a garden where a naked primitive named Adam—whose horoscope promises a remarkable posthumous fame—is dwelling with his wife. (Here the influence of M. France is in the ascendant.) But perhaps the finest sketch in the book is that of a conversation between Niccolò Machiavelli

and Thomas Cromwell. Of course it is fairly easy to write history backwards, but none the less the speculations—natural at such a meeting—as to what the young King Henry VIII. will make of England could hardly have been more skilfully reproduced. Mr. Manning does not preach a creed: he surveys human beliefs with something of Walter Pater's apparent detachment. His book must not be allowed to pass unmarked in the flood of new fiction.

"A Change in the Cabinet." By H. Belloc. London: Methuen. 1909. 6s.

Mr. Belloc has spoiled what might have been an effective political satire by indulging his own love of the burlesque and pandering to the desire for sensational incident. The caricature of Sir Charles Repton, who combines the Cabinet with company-mongering, is quite good, and the account of his temporary madness moderately amusing. Better still is the making of Dimmy a Cabinet Minister, though the satire on the potency of family connexions in politics is perhaps a trifle overdone. But the disappearance of Dimmy, his robbery, his escape, and treatment on board a tramp, are extravaganza of a rather conventional kind, which spoils, to our mind, the pungency of the political moral. Wholly impossible escapades and a perfectly impossible fool cause Mr. Belloc to miss the mark which we suppose that he aimed at. The best model for the political satirist is to be found in Disraeli's novels, where we have a serious and connected story interwoven with the keenest and most delicate sarcasms on the foibles of politicians. If Mr. Belloc really wishes to write a political novel, he would do better to follow in the steps of Lord Beaconsfield than in those of Mr. Chesterton. Mr. Belloc can do better than deal in foolery of this kind. We have a real admiration for much of Mr. Belloc's writing, and we would advise him in the friendliest spirit not to trifle too much with his public, even though, as he assumes for some reason best known to himself, his reader be of the feminine gender.

"Envious Eliza." By E. Maria Albanesi. London: Nash. 1909. 6s.

Lady Eliza Anstell, a woman of much practical wisdom with the kindest of hearts, wrote inferior fiction, knew that it was bad, and was jealous of better writers. Her feelings on this subject do not in the least affect the course of Madame Albanesi's story, and are not presented in a convincing way, so that it is strange that an irritating side-issue should give its title to the novel. The heroine is a pleasant girl who had wasted much affection on an irresponsible brother while accepting with a tinge of contempt the unselfish adoration of a commonplace but sterling young neighbour. When her brother married a detestable minx, and when she discovered how very black was the true character of a brilliant explorer of Africa who had for a moment attracted her, the way is left clear for ending a somewhat tame story in the conventional method.

"The Story of Thyrza." By Alice Brown. London: Constable. 1909. 6s.

A pleasant treatise of the domestic affections, very American and very sentimental, which may be recommended to those who like those qualities, either singly or, as here, in combination.

"In Calvert's Valley." By Margaret Prescott Montague. London: Stanley Paul. 1909. 6s.

In this story of life in a small West Virginian town comedy and tragedy are interwoven very simply and convincingly. The local colour is quaint and amusing, and the plot is so well thought out that only a few readers will guess the dénouement beforehand. We should not indeed be surprised to learn that something very like the circumstances attending the murder of James Calvert had actually happened. The author's style when describing nature shows an anthropomorphic bias that leads her to write about dandelions craning their necks over the grass to get a good view, the sun resting his chin upon the hills, and so on—a pretty

enough trick, but one which should be watched lest it run into the far-fetched. If this be done, and she continues to write about what she evidently knows, we doubt not that she will get "right there".

"Chip." By F. E. Mills Young. London: Lane. 1909. 6s.

A story about a young woman who for insufficiently explained reasons dons the South African equivalent of doublet and hose and gets work as overseer on a farm. She had been brought up luxuriously in England and was well educated—so she tells the only other white woman in the book, though for the reader this last piece of information is superfluous, because she says things like "Inclination prompts me to do that which discretion bids me refrain from doing". Her sex is only discovered by the whisky-drinking misogynist her employer—through the familiar means of first-aid administered to her whilst stunned by an accident—after she has "chummed" with him alone in the farmhouse for more than three months. But of course it is quite right that whisky-drinking misogynists should be saved from their moral and mental errors by every possible (and impossible) expedient; and the ending is happy.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"George Meredith in Anecdote and Criticism." By J. A. Hammerton. London: Grant Richards. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

This is exactly the sort of book for readers who could not read Meredith to save their lives, but have found out from the newspapers that he was a great man they ought to be able to talk about. Mr. Hammerton anticipated five years ago that Meredith could not live much longer, and he knew the demand there would be, not for the collected works, but for all the collected miscellaneous information about Meredith that could be scraped together. He determined to be first in the field, and this book of nearly four hundred pages is the result. He does not say this, but the book itself is evidence of it. We note another thing also: the indifference to the desire of Meredith himself that there should be no "Life" of him. Mr. Hammerton appears to think he has respected this desire. He considered it better, he says, "to present a survey of all that has been printed about George Meredith and his art, than to encroach upon the ground of the 'life' which must some day be written, by using any of the unpublished matter that has been offered to me or availing myself of ample opportunity to record many unpublished anecdotes. In a word, I have preferred to attempt a book that would be complete within the limits set to it instead of producing a fragmentary biography by attempting something of a more ambitious character". Mr. Hammerton describes his book, such as it is, quite accurately, and a week before Meredith died Mr. Hammerton had posted up every external fact of Meredith's life that a compiler could gather, and the book was ready for the expected market. If the writers for the newspaper "graveyards" had had the book when they wrote their obituaries of Meredith it would have been a godsend to them. It must be admitted, too, that the book does dispel much that is hazy and misconceived about Meredith's career; and the account of French and German estimates of his work is of value. It is well to be reminded that Meredith had always in England readers as numerous as he expected to have; but superfluous to have disinterred the dead criticisms of journalist reviewers. And we hardly need say that there is the superfluity of photographs and gush and interviews to be expected in a book of this class.

"The Age of the Enlightened Despots, 1660-1789." By A. H. Johnson. London: Methuen. 1909. 2s. 6d.

This volume belongs to a series entitled "Six Ages of European History", of which Mr. Johnson is the general editor. He and his contributors, all teachers of distinction, desire that foreign history should be systematically taught in schools. We may be rash in differing from their opinion, but we do not feel easy as to the effects of the innovation to which they lend the weight of their authority. It is already difficult to insure that the necessary minimum of English history shall be taught in higher forms. Every schoolmaster and schoolmistress is harassed by the problem of finding room in the time-table for the subjects upon which parents and experts insist. And there is a deplorable tendency to increase the demands upon the memory of schoolboys and schoolgirls. Occasional lectures on universal history are valuable, if the teacher makes it his first object to stimulate the

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imagination and to awaken the desire for further knowledge. Mr. Johnson has written an admirable primer, in which none but the most essential facts are stated; his discussions of vexed questions, though simply worded, are extremely suggestive. Still we must express our pity for the boy or girl who is expected to learn the contents of six such primers in the last few years of school life. Nor do we feel that much will be gained by the use of one or two volumes arbitrarily selected from the series. The series must be swallowed as a whole or not at all; and as a whole it is strong meat for babes. Our fear is that it will simply abet, in their nefarious business, the teachers who cram inferior pupils for minor history exhibitions at the Universities.

"The History of Belgium." Vol. II. By Demetrius C. Boulger. London: Published by the Author. 1909. 18s. net.

This work is more truly a "History of Belgium" in the second volume than it was in the first. After the revolution of 1830 Belgium (by the grace of the European Powers) became an entity, which it was not before. Lady Holland asked M. Van de Weyer, the Belgian representative, when he came to London to attend the Conference, "Who are the Belgians?" and received a well-deserved snub for her rudeness, but the inquiry was a natural one, though Van de Weyer was not the person to whom it should have been addressed. Talleyrand said at about the same time, Mr. Boulger thinks flipantly, "There are no Belgians, never were any, and never will be any. There are French, Flemings, or Dutch and Germans". Talleyrand, however, was perfectly right, and until Belgium was invented there was no Belgian nation. Had it not been for the religious difficulty, and the selfish and grasping policy of the Dutch, the arrangement made at the Treaty of Vienna might well have stood the test of time. The invention of a Belgian nation was the only way out, though a Dutch kingdom including Belgium ought to have been a stronger barrier against dangerous ambitions outside. The Belgians were lucky to get so good a ruler as Leopold I. for their first king; and Mr. Boulger discreetly brings his history to a close with his death. This may save him embarrassment; but it is unsatisfactory from the reader's point of view, for half the career of Belgium as a nation is thus excluded, as well as the whole of the present king's exploits as a coloniser and empire-builder.

"The Iron Cardinal." By Joseph McCabe. London: Nash. 1909. 15s. net.

The mood in which Mr. McCabe has taken up his subject may be known from the title of his book. "Voilà l'homme rouge qui passe!" cries Marion de Lorme in Victor Hugo's play, which is indeed a highly romantic version of the Cinq-Mars conspiracy; and Mr. McCabe adopts as a second title "The Romance of Richelieu". Victor Hugo's heroine had some grounds for her outburst, but the only excuse for the kind of title adopted by Mr. McCabe is that common to all this class of literature, now so common. It is to attract the attention of the idle reader to second-hand and second-rate history by meretricious description, though the author repudiates this intention and seems to claim to be a serious historian. The career of Richelieu has not yet been so thoroughly explored that it might not furnish material for a good monograph in English by a competent hand. But these books are all compiled in much the same fashion. This one contains more genuine history than most of them, but there is no reference to authorities and no means of checking the statements made except through a general allusion to a large number of works dealing with Richelieu. Mr. McCabe knows enough history to criticise the departures from fact in "Les trois mousquetaires," but that requires no very profound acquaintance with the period. We cannot find anything original in his point of view; others before him have understood the ample excuses for Richelieu's rigorous policy. After all, "le premier homme d'un mauvais temps ne peut guère être que mauvais". As in nearly all the books of this nature, there are some fair illustrations.

"The End of the Middle Age, 1273-1453." By Eleanor C. Lodge. London: Methuen. 1909. 3s. 6d.

This is a useful summary of the mediæval history of Europe (the British Isles excepted), from the accession of Rudolf of Hapsburg to the imperial throne to the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. The book is always readable and the chapters which deal with Germany and Italy and France are especially full and lucid. Scandinavia, the Spanish kingdom, and the Greek empire are treated more briefly, but this is not unreasonable seeing that their annals lie outside the main current of the European history of the age. The book is mainly intended for young students, but the general reader will find it interesting, and it will be valuable for reference.

"London's Forest: Its History, Traditions, and Romance." By Percival J. S. Perceval. London: Dent. 1909. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Perceval appears to have made a more thorough study of the records of the Forest of Essex, which he happily describes as London's forest, than is usual in books of this sort. Epping Forest is London's in more senses than one: it practically begins where East London ends, it is the great recreation ground of tens of thousands of London trippers, and it was to the Corporation of London that the action which secured the forest to the people was due. Mr. Perceval is particularly interesting in his explanation of the association of great names with parts of the forest, and of the privileges and lopping rights of the common people. Today we regard the forest as the people's playground: in days of old it was the playground of kings and nobles. Many a historic scene since the time when King Alfred divided the Lea, and gave the Danes cause for bitter remembrance of their invasion, has been enacted within the confines of the ancient woodland, and Mr. Perceval manages to note them all with just sufficient detail to make his volume useful for popular purposes.

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 15 Juin.

This number does not contain many articles of great interest, but there is an extremely good paper by M. Pinon on the recent crisis in the Balkans. The only mistake he makes is to bring out with too little force the weakness of the part played by his own country. He is quite right in emphasising the gravity of our own errors. "It is always foolish", he says, "to attack with words when one has not made up one's mind to have recourse to arms." It was therefore a great mistake of the British press to attack Austria in the unmeasured fashion it did. "London gave dangerous encouragement to the Servian protests which could not be followed by any effective assistance." "At Vienna, British policy gave the impression of being dominated by her own maritime rivalry with Germany, and of wishing to make Austria pay for her fidelity to her ally." We can only welcome these views of an impartial and exceptionally well-informed Frenchman, for they bear out those expressed from the first by the SATURDAY REVIEW.

For this Week's Books see page 826.



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BRITISH & COLONIAL INVESTMENTS.

The Statutory Meeting of the Members of British and Colonial Investments, Limited, was held on Tuesday at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., Mr. Herbert George Latilla (the Chairman) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. F. W. Webb) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said:—“Ladies and Gentlemen,—This is the statutory meeting convened in accordance with the Act. I take the opportunity of giving you some explanation of the items in the statutory report, and supplementing the information given in the circular recently issued. The issued capital of the Company to-day is £209,709, in 419,413 shares. We have to issue a further 78,986 shares when called upon to do so by the liquidators of the old companies. The affairs of your Company, when the present board came on the scene, were in a chaotic state, primarily due to the attitude of dissentient shareholders under the amalgamation schemes and the cancellation of the agreement with the Consolidated South Rand Mines Deep, Limited. Into the causes which led up to this position I do not intend to enter. Your Company has no interest in them, and the duty of your directors is clearly to keep free of other people's quarrels. The improvement in the affairs of the Company may be directly traced to the advent of Mr. Abe Bailey, who at a critical stage supplied the financial assistance necessary to liquidate the Company's pressing debts. Had this assistance not been forthcoming, the British and Colonial Company would now be in liquidation, and your assets would have been sold under the hammer for the benefit of the creditors. One of the stipulations made when the funds were provided was that the original members of the board should retire in favour of those now in office. The result, I think you will agree, has been eminently satisfactory. The shares of your Company, which were practically unsaleable at round about 3s., have become a favourite market counter, and the price to-day is well above par, and rightly so. You must bear in mind—and your directors do not overlook the fact—that the assets of to-day have been very considerably written down in the process of reconstruction. Many shareholders probably paid much higher prices for their shares, but I am hopeful that the future will compensate those who came in at higher levels. I would like briefly to refer to the principal assets. The most tangible of these is the real estate in Johannesburg, which, in the bad times of 1907, was valued by the municipality at over £170,000. I think that the best course to pursue will be to develop a further number of our stands, as I am convinced that, with the permanent change for the better which has come over the mining industry on the Witwatersrand, real estate in Johannesburg will greatly appreciate in value. It has now been established that mining can be carried on at very great depths, and the large amalgamations which have recently been effected have resulted in the lives of the mines being indefinitely prolonged. The values of real estate, therefore, must necessarily be improved. It will be the aim of your directors to obtain a steady and adequate revenue from this asset. We have what may be regarded as more speculative, but nevertheless most valuable, assets in our 2,000 acres of freehold ground on the Witwatersrand, and our interests in the three blocks of deep level claims adjoining the properties of the Rand Mines Deep. We have, in addition, a considerable share interest in the Randfontein Deep, Limited. Some portion of these shares has been realised at prices in the neighbourhood of 15s. A scheme of reconstruction has been propounded, and your Company has an interest in the underwriting, so that our holding of Randfontein Deep will be maintained. As regards the New Rand Reefs, this is a company which owns 115 claims adjoining a block of claims originally bought by the Consolidated Gold Fields for the sum of £1,500 per claim, payable as to £1,000 in cash and 500 shares per claim. The Consolidated Gold Fields has yet to form a company to take over the claims so purchased, and in that new company we shall receive about 16,500 shares free. As regards the Consolidated South Rand Mines Deep, which is in liquidation, I would prefer not to say too much, as the future is rather obscure. I do not wish you to read into this remark any doubt as to the possible or probable values of the ground. My statement has reference to the manner in which this asset will be treated. The shareholders of the Consolidated South Rand Mines Deep are not entirely a happy family, and indeed a large amount of the time of my co-directors and myself has been occupied in contesting what I regard as frivolous lawsuits. We have been successful in getting Mr. William B. Peat appointed liquidator, and the affairs of the Company are therefore in good hands. It is my pleasure to be able to inform you that, through the association of your board with Mr. Abe Bailey, we have been able to arrange a sale of your Rhodesian assets to the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia for 131,032 shares. I think you will agree with me that a splendid stroke of business has been accomplished. I am of opinion that the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia will be the leading company of its class in Rhodesia. Another important asset is the English estate companies. The money invested in those companies in the past is not, I am sorry to say, represented at to-day's level of prices for real estate in this country. We are in the fortunate position of being able to nurse the estates, and I think it only reasonable to expect that the present revival in the Stock Markets may be reflected in a demand for land, particularly in the neighbourhood of Edgware. Roughly speaking, your assets, taken on a conservative valuation, are worth to-day nearly £500,000, and there is every reason to expect this to increase. From this brief résumé you will recognise that your Company is in a sound position. I am happy to say that we see our way to quickly freeing the Company from debt, and having, in addition to our main or principal assets, cash and realisable securities in hand to the value of well over £100,000.”

Sir Herbert Praed and Mr. R. Macrae having spoken the proceedings terminated.

26 June, 1909

The Saturday Review.

LIPTON, LIMITED.

THE Eleventh Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of Lipton, Limited, was held on Monday, at Winchester House, E.C., under the presidency of Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart. (the Chairman of the Company).

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and balance sheet, said: When I had the pleasure of speaking to you a year ago I referred to the great increase which had taken place in the turnover of the company, and I am pleased to say that increase has been fully maintained during the past year and up to the present moment. It will not be out of place, I think, to ask you to consider what has been accomplished during the last two years. We have increased and remodelled the plant in the whole of our factories, and installed the most up-to-date machinery, which enables us to produce our various specialities on the very lowest basis of cost consistent with the highest standard of quality. We have refitted the great majority of our branches, the exceptions being principally those where our tenancy is short or where the trade does not justify the expense. We felt it was advisable this work at the branches should be carried out, and also that the sooner it was done the better, and now that it is finished we feel that we have the future free to devote to the consolidating and further building up of this great business. All this work has, of course, entailed the outlay of a very large amount of money. You will see from the balance sheet that the additions during the year at our branches amount to £170,166 15s. 5d., whilst the additions at our stores, factories, at home and abroad, &c., are represented by the sum of £61,524 14s. 11d., making a total of £231,691 8s. 2d. We feel confident, however, that in expending this money we have acted in the best interests of the shareholders, and have paved the way for the development of the business on a permanent and sound basis, which, we consider, cannot fail to produce most satisfactory results. Further, the benefits of this reconstruction and renovation are not limited to the present, or even the next few years, but will continue to be felt for many years to come. With regard to the depôts in Gibraltar, Malta, Egypt, India, and Australia, to some of which I referred in my remarks last year, I am glad to say that these promise well for the future, and, allowing for the expenses incidental to the opening up of new branches in distant countries, I think we have no reason to be dissatisfied with the progress made, and I look forward to much improved results in the current and future years. As regards advertising, we have spent a very large sum of money during the past two years; but this outlay has yielded most satisfactory returns. I should also like to point out that while part of the advertising has been necessitated by keen competition, a large proportion has been of a permanent and lasting character, and therefore the benefits derived from this expenditure will be continued for many years to come. We have, as you will notice, allowed for depreciation no less than £38,963, as against £27,624 for the previous year, being an increase of £11,339. The gross profit this year, as you will see from the balance sheet, is £353,315, against £268,753 last year, being an improvement to the extent of £84,562, and had it not been for exceptional expenses both at home and at our branches in the East our net profits also would have been greater. The other items which I have to mention are those of stocks and the balance due to the bank. The reason for the increase in both these items is—as has been indicated in the report—the fact that we considered it advisable, in the face of the probability of additional duties being imposed upon some of our leading commodities, to protect ourselves by laying in such stocks as would ensure our being in a position to deal satisfactorily with whatever contingencies might arise in this respect. These stocks have, however, been greatly reduced since the date of stocktaking, and will soon be brought to a normal level. The tea-rooms opened are being patronised very well indeed, and although we had at the outset difficulties incidental to the establishment of a new department, this branch of the business will, I believe, also make a considerable contribution to the profits of the company, in addition to which I regard this department as a very excellent advertisement for our general tea business. You will notice that the reserve accounts have been increased by the sum of £54,222 2s. 3d., being the net premium on the last issue of shares. With respect to the future prospects of the company generally, I would only say that with the enormous and ever-increasing turnover of the business in all departments I shall be greatly surprised if, when we meet again next year, we do not place before you a balance sheet which will show greatly improved figures, if it does not equal or eclipse anything we have hitherto done.

Mr. Thomas R. Smith seconded the motion, which was carried. A vote of thanks to the chairman and directors closed the proceedings.

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CHARRON, LIMITED.

A CONSIDERABLE IMPROVEMENT REPORTED—THE BOARD'S POLICY.

THE Second Annual General Meeting of Charron, Limited, was held on Tuesday, at Salisbury House, London Wall, E.C., Mr. Davison Dalzell (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. R. Gordon) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said:—I regret, in common with my colleagues on the board, that we are not able to submit to you for the year ended November 30 last a more satisfactory trading result; but I think I am justified in pointing to the crisis in the automobile trade, which was spread over the year in question and the existence of which is common knowledge. At our last meeting we had no reason to apprehend that the crisis would become so acute as it subsequently did, but the falling-off in orders was so marked in every branch of the automobile trade that your company necessarily suffered with the rest. I am glad to say, however, that this unfortunate condition of affairs has not continued, and that considerably before the end of the financial year in question new orders were coming in, which I referred to at our last meeting, the benefit of which, however, cannot, of course, have been felt in the accounts which are now before you. Although as early as July of 1908 we received orders in substantial quantities, still the cars had to be constructed, and it was only after the close of the financial year ended November 30 last that the business began to feel the benefits of substantial deliveries which have enabled the directors to express the opinion in the report before you that the present year will be a satisfactory one to the shareholders. I will, however, deal in the first instance with the accounts which are before you, and as you are likely to ask me for some information with regard to some of the items, I should especially like to refer to the bad debts, which stand at £3,727 10s. 7d. The most serious item in this is 79,972 50f., which is due to us on some armoured cars which we supplied for the purposes of the Russian Government. As this amount has stood on the books for some considerable time, and as we have not been paid, the auditors have thought it advisable to write down the amount in question as a bad debt, although I may say that we have every reasonable hope of realising the debt. The amount has been paid by the Government into the Caisse des Dépôts et Consignations in our name; but owing to some claims which have been made against the executors of the intermediary (he being dead), we have not been able, up to the present time, to get it out. If there are any questions arising on the balance-sheet, in addition to this one, I shall, at the end of my remarks, be pleased to answer them. I should like to say a few words as to the present position of the company and the work we have done since the closing of the balance-sheet before you. We are practically now at the end of the first six months of the new year. The turnover has been very considerably increased, owing to the large number of additional orders we have received, as I will demonstrate to you by the following figures of actual deliveries made over this period as compared with the period of the preceding year. We delivered in December 1907 33 chassis and in 1908 110 chassis; in January 1908 11 and in 1908 97; in February 1908 32 and in 1909 70; in March 1908 26 and in 1908 103; in April 1908 27 and in 1909 93; in May 1908 25 and in 1909 105. To summarise the first six months, there were 154 chassis delivered in 1908, while in 1909, during the first five months, we delivered no fewer than 578 chassis. You will thus see that, whereas the average monthly delivery of chassis in 1908 was 25, we have reached for the present year an average of 97 per month. While this has been going on, the sales of spare parts have also increased, and, without going into details, I may say that the amount of business increased in this respect for the period I am dealing with nearly 50 per cent., and that the increase in the actual turnover—that is to say, the gross business done—for the first five months in this year, as compared with the first five months of the year connected with the balance-sheet which is before you, shows an increase in favour of 1909 of 1,454,45f. I think I may say, without too much optimism, that we hope, and have every reason to expect, a continuation of this satisfactory condition of affairs until the end of the present financial year. It is part of our future policy to greatly develop our commercial organisation. We intend creating agencies in those parts of the world where our names and our cars are still unknown, and, owing to the fact that we are now in a position, besides our larger form of cars of old repute, to supply those of a smaller type, and therefore at a lower price, we hope to be able next time we meet to report to you the improvement we expect and which we are now working for. I do not think I need go more fully into the question beyond saying that, in a general way, we are satisfied with the progress the business is, and has been, making, and that while 1908 was not a satisfactory year for the automobile trade generally, there has been since that date a distinct revival, and that we have every hope and confidence that the Charron Company will continue to benefit by that revival, and also by the increased reputation for excellent work which we have been gaining wherever our cars are in circulation. There have been some changes in the personnel of our establishment which I should like to refer to. Mr. F. Charron, who has occupied the position of director-general, has left our service and has taken up a similar position with his father-in-law, Mr. Clement. The board has appointed Mr. Georges Koenigswarter to succeed him, and although we lose Mr. Charron's active co-operation with regret, we are quite satisfied that the interests of the Company will not suffer in the capable hands in which we have placed them. We sever our connection with Mr. Charron with the best of feelings on both sides, as Mr. Charron's presence here among us to-day will clearly demonstrate. His financial interest in the Company remains, and he has unreservedly placed himself at the disposal of the Company for any advice or assistance at any time he may be called upon. I may say that Mr. Charron's co-operation with the Company since its creation has been of the most valuable and painstaking character, and again we regret severing our official connection with him. Before I move the adoption of the report and accounts, I am at your disposal to answer any questions you may choose to put to me in regard to the working of the business.

Mr. Atkinson said the shareholders had heard with a great amount of pleasure that from the date of the balance-sheet a great improvement had taken place in the production of chassis and motor cars; and, various points having been discussed, the Chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Sir William J. Bell seconded the motion, which was carried with one dissentient.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by the Marquis de Mun, the interim dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, paid on January 25, 1908, was confirmed.

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